Entertainment for the Adventurous Lesbian

ON OUR BACKS

Mar - Apr, 1989

$5.00

THE WORLD'S SEXIEST CLOTHING

Dreams of Eros

"The Most Elegant and Erotic Photo Diary and Catalog Ever"

Join the world's most beautiful women as they explore Hollywood's erotic underground. *Dreams of Eros* features over a hundred exquisite photographs and is produced to the highest artistic standards. Within this **debut collector's volume, you receive two original works. A sensual photo diary and a catalog of hundreds of designer leather outfits** previously available only to Hollywood's sexiest elite. Live your fantasy with elegant and sensual fashions from the Dreams of Eros Collection.

Please send me **Dreams of Eros. I am enclosing a check or money order for: $15.00 ($12.50 + $2.50 shipping and handling).**
CA residents add 7% sales tax. Add $12.00 for overseas shipments. Please allow 6 weeks for delivery.

Name_____ Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

I certify that I am over 18 years old._____
Send to: Artisan Marketing Company
4320 Stevens Creek Blvd. Suite 120
San Jose, CA 95129
Sorry - We cannot accept Canadian orders.

CATALOG ORDERS ONLY
MC and Visa purchase price $15.00
1-800-443-0100 Ext. 757 J
Call Toll Free 24 hours a day - Sorry No COD

Lesley Kushner, Visible Inc.

COLUMNS

3 **Letters to the Editor**

6 **Toys For Us . . .** Susie Bright
Great Balls From China

12 **Fantasies . . .**Arica Wells
The Belonging

11 **Sexpoint . . .** Karen Mendelsohn
Judgement Day

9 **Sextracts**
Lesbian News from All Over

FICTION

18 **Celia and the Bed . . .** Winn Gilmore
"I know what I mean, hombre. Yo quiero THE bed."

28 **Cactus Love . . .**Lee Lynch
Ten years since her last love- but the cactus ranch can wait.

30 **Faith . . .** Home Girl
"She loved me badly, I loved her madly."

FEATURES

20 **Wanted: Lesbian SEX. . .** Barbra LaRue
We despererate sought out our personal advertisers' experiences, and they lived up to our expectations

35 **Reviews / Books & Videos**
Hayfever, and the Lesbian S/M Safety Manual

PICTURES

14 **Hillary: Alone Again, Happily . .** Jill Posener
A solo send-off

23 **The Girl Can't Help It . . .** Della Disgrace
Especially when it's a double scoop...

32 **Gals and Dolls . . .** Evans/Brill/Smith
She walks, she talks, she strokes your clit!

46 **Contributors' Notes**

47 **Classifieds**

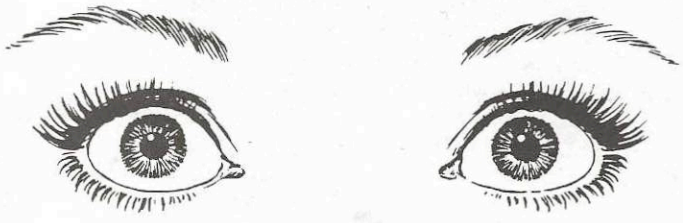
Cover: Kathy Petrere
Model: Katie Walker

SOUTH BAY BULLETIN BOARD

(408) 976-2002

GAY WOMEN

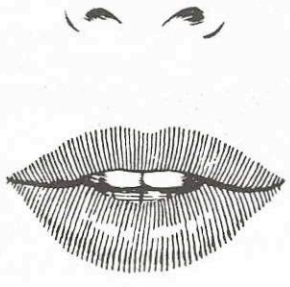
BI WOMEN



BUTCHES

FEMMES

LESBIANS



DYKES

"WOW ! SO MANY WOMEN !"

- Listen or Record
- Find a Friend
- Make a Date
- Fall in Love
- Six Messages With Each Call

- Friends
- Lovers
- Relationships
- Encounters
- Fantasies
- Conversations

18 + Only

$2 + Any Toll

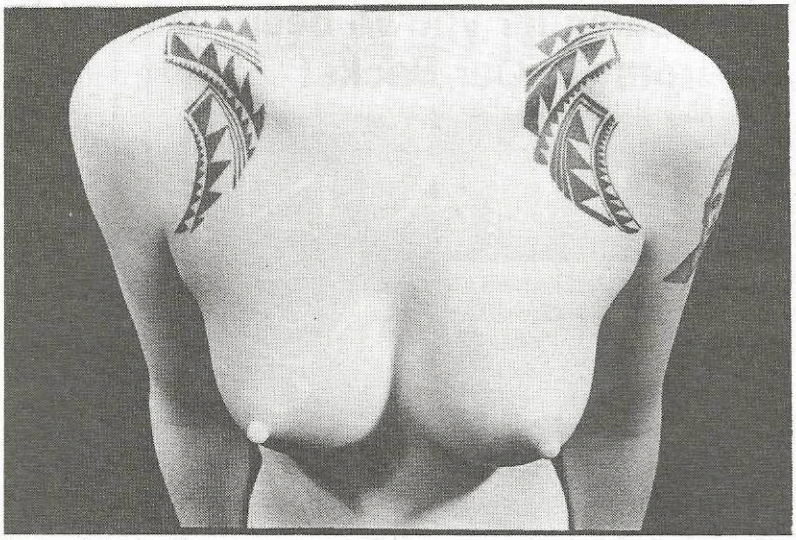


Photo: Katherine Enos

Thank you for publishing and thank Nikki Vilna Feist for writing "Radical Femme-ists" in your Jan-Feb 1989 issue. Never have I read such an eloquent interpretation of the Lesbian Femmes vs. the Lesbian World issue. I was so delighted that Feist brought to the threshold of understanding the blatant misogynist attitudes perpetuated by so very many of our own.

In the early 1970s, a progressive women's group in my city developed an affirmative action policy which included one token lesbian. After sending my resume I was scheduled for an interview. The next week I received a call from the collective and was asked if I could come in immediately for an interview instead of waiting until my appointment date. I explained to the woman that I had just finished a softball game and I would not have time to change or clean up. No problem, she stated, jocks were understood and cherished. And we all know femmes can't be jocks; we throw like girls.

Needless to say, I was hired on the spot, and asked if I could start my counselling position next week. I agreed. I showed up for work wearing a chic but business-like dress, tasteful make-up and, of course, my nails immaculately manicured. After the opening staff meeting, I was taken aside and taken to task for my appalling manner of dress. I was accused of lying about my lesbianism to get the job. After hours of femme-bashing I was told that it was unacceptable for me to wear feminine attire at the office, and not to do it again.

I was outraged. I told them that men had been attempting to tell me how to dress and act for years and I was not going to dictated to by anyone. Believe it or not, I worked there for seven years, and still the topic came up almost weekly. But I held my position steadfastly. Some women came to accept me, others to tolerate me and some to love me. However, I felt quite alone until you sweet mag assisted our proud departure from the proverbial closet.

P.
Sacramento, CA

I hope *Clips* is as good as *Shadows* and *Private Pleasures*. It's *so* hard to find good fisting nowadays. By the way, Super Live Films from New York has some Euro (German) videos that were obviously shot by a man, but the ladies in them are too hot. A little slow in spots, but what dedication to their act! *Anal Lesbians* has cunt and ass fisting, and *Anal Ladies* has one girl taking a fist in the cunt and ass at the same time. *Anal Orgy* has round robin fisting, a girl doing a man and a woman, in the ass, at the same time! Too fuckin' much! *Anal Party* and *Anal Fisting* are also good, with a two handed cunt fuck.

The wildest of all is called *Family Fisting Party*: two bi sisters do each other, and their husbands. However, this one is a basement tape: no script, no rehearsing, totally real! They even knock over the camera by accident!

By the way, L.A. Janus started a splinter group called D & E ("Dilation and Expansion"). From what I hear, it's still only a bunch of single male would-be fist fuckers into catheters and medisex. Such a shame to waste a good opportunity like that on a bunch of creeps. I've heard about a little private society that splintered off from Scorpio, but it's still mostly heterosexual couples and a few bi ladies.

I must be outta touch. There must be some others out there who love to get their ass in the air!

Williamette Harrington
Los Angeles, CA

What is the deal with dykes and vampires? I grew up thinking that vampires were those men wearing too much eyeliner in movies that local TV stations showed on Saturday afternoons. Now all the sudden I'm meeting women in black who wear ankhs and snake bracelets, read Anne Rice and claim that they're "very into vampires." And now the erotic vampire story in your Fall issue. I wouldn't pay much mind to all this except that recently my lover, Nina, has been biting me rather hard and I've been finding these strange marks on my neck. Is this just a passing fad or should I go shopping for garlic?

C.
Rhode Island

Your "Dirty Girls Guide to London" really made me cream my pants. I just spent a month in London lusting after British dykes and the photo spread sure made me miss my "sightseeing" trips through the city. I was especially amused to see a hot, semi-nude blonde spread across the very steps I passed on my way home every day. If I had seen more sights like that when I was over there I would never have been able to leave. How about some more erotic travelogues? Those "Singapore Girl" commercials always did make me wet.

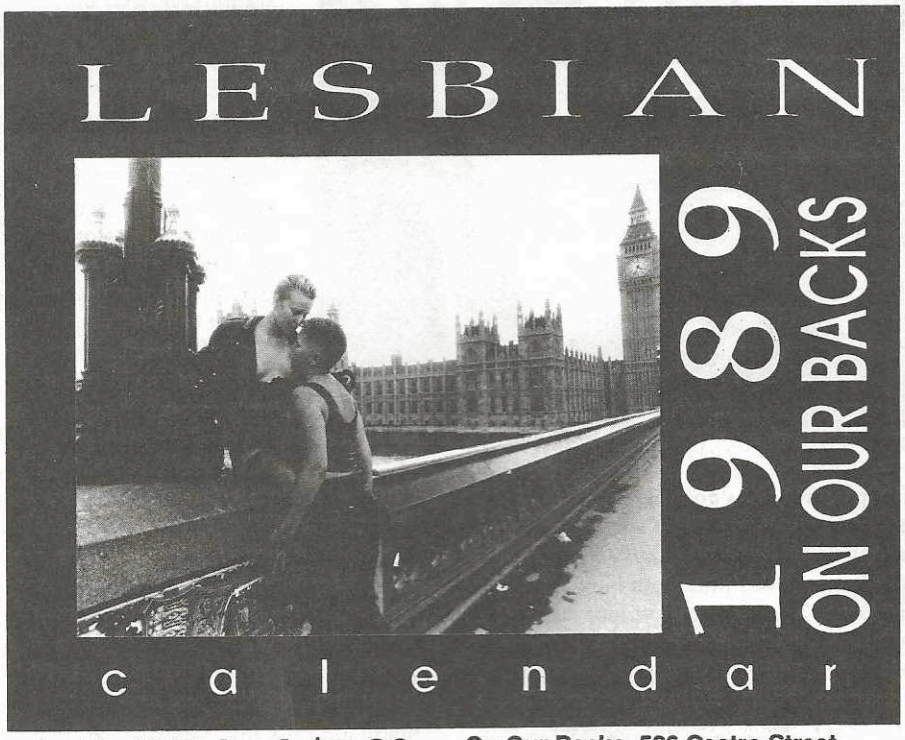
Elizabeth Carder
New Jersey

Congratulations to Martha Miller on writing a story with character development, plot and social context as well as sex. Taking on reality, including grim reality, as she did in The Valkyrie (Winter 1988) is more adventurous than the wildest fantasy.

By the way, if anyone has been wondering whether cunt-to-cunt tribadism is really safe sex, I now have the answer, courtesy of Judith Avery, R.N., sexologist. Riding somebody's leg is safe, but if you want to bump pussies, keep your undies on or a dental dam in between or slather those delicate areas with non-oxynol 9. Whether or not AIDS can be passed from cunt to cunt, herpes, warts and other things can.

R. Ripley
Menlo Park CA

The Lesbian Erotic Calendar you've been waiting for . . . from On Our Backs!



Half Price! $7.00 On Our Backs, 526 Castro Street San Francisco, CA 94114

OR See Special Subscription Offer On Page 8.

LESBIAN EROTIC CALENDAR

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY/ST/ZIP _____

SIGNATURE _____

SEND CHECK OR MONEY ORDER TO:
ON OUR BACKS, 526 CASTRO, SAN FRANCISCO,CA 94114

# of calendars ____
x $7.00
Subtotal $ ____
CA Residents
add 6.5% Tax ____
Shipping + $1.00
Total $
Enclose Payment

Susan O'Dell a.c.s.w.
counseling & psychotherapy
3220 N. Sheffield
Chicago, IL 60657
(312) 871-2337

Our absolutely unique catalog of sex toys and books about sex is friendly, feminist and fun. Especially for women since 1975.

Good Vibrations

3492 22nd St.
Dept. OOB
San Francisco
CA, 94110
Please send $2.00

New! The Sexuality Library Catalog $1.00

ON OUR BACKS

526 Castro
San Francisco, CA 94114
(415) 861-4723

Publisher
Debi Sundahl
Kyriaki Albenis, *Publisher Ass't*

Associate Publisher
Nan Kinney

Editor
Susie Bright

Editorial Staff
Jill Posener, *Photo Editor*
Winn Gilmore, *Editorial Ass't*
Lulu Belliveau, *Photo Ass't*

Production & Design
Laura Benne, *Art Director*
Robin Simmons, *DTP Specialist*
Gia Giasullo, *Prod/Design Ass't*

Distribution
Greta Christina

Advertising & Marketing
Kate Bornstein

ON OUR BACKS (ISSN 08902224) is published 6 times a year by Blush Entertainment Group, 526 Castro, San Francisco, CA 94114. Subscriptions are $28/yr USA; $36/yr Canada (first-class only); $48/yr outside USA (airmail only). Second-class postage paid at San Francisco, CA. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to ON OUR BACKS, 526 Castro, San Francisco, CA 94114.

ADVERTISING: Rate sheet and production assistance available on request. For assistance call: (415) 861-4723

RETAIL OUTLETS: Terms are 40% discount, freight pre-paid, consignment, and return of mastheads of unsold copies for credit. Minimum order ten copies. Send order to: 526 Castro, San Francisco, CA 94114.

SUBMISSIONS: Photographers' and writers' guidelines available upon request with SASE. We are not responsible for unsolicited materials sent without SASE. Allow 6–8 weeks for response.

Any similarity between characters appearing in ON OUR BACKS and real persons is coincidental. The representation or appearance of any person in ON OUR BACKS is not to be taken as representative of her sexual preference.

Copyright © 1989 by Blush Entertainment Group. All rights reserved. No part of this magazine may be reproduced without prior written permission from the publisher.

Printed in USA by Alonzo Printing and Somerset Press.

I'm writing because a friend and I were discussing the controversy *On Our Backs* causes for various bookstores. I remember when, in 1986, I didn't know what *On Our Backs* was. Upon learning, it seemed so taboo. I couldn't find it anywhere and resorted to a subscription.

I have often heard *On Our Backs* referred to as "S/M erotica." To me, that description seems too simple. In reality, *On Our Backs* is continually controversial because its content is a grab bag for "the Adventurous Lesbian" as its subtitle suggests. An "Adventurous Lesbian" is exactly what I am and eroticism is only part of this. From *On Our Backs*, I've also gotten gynecological information not available from any other source and news on censorship issues.

Above all, *On Our Backs* straddles a wide field of What Lesbians Should Be Able To Know. With any given issue I'm prepared to like only one part of it or have a long-standing question answered or be turned off by something or be generally happy it exists or be more turned on than I have ever been in my life!

I *like* what people find objectionable about it. I *like* having the choice to expose myself to its contents or not. How else would I learn what fisting is and how it's safe or unsafe? How else would I learn that some women ejaculate 2–3 feet into the air with fluid from an organ that doctors don't even seem to know about?

I am so impressed with the bookstores that provide *On Our Backs* and the choice it represents. It says a lot when contrasted with the reasons other stores have for *not* carrying it!

K. McGee
Seattle WA

It is such a relief to to have a lesbian source of pornography and sexually-related materials and resources—after years of scanning *Penthouse* and *Variations* for lesbian stories that didn't sound like made-up-by-males fantasies and haunting sex toy boutiques that catered to straight couples and dirty old men!

Erica Martinson
White Plains, NY

I love the sex pictures you publish, especially the photo session from "The Bathroom Sweet," which really got me going. The women were quite good-looking and their outrageous poses, and what they were doing was something! I never saw two women have sex before in my life, and it turned me on quite well.

I'm 18 years old and not a lesbian, but I do live with white lesbians (I am East Indian) and I'd probably consider myself towards the bisexual area.

I don't know how many letters you get from women my age, but I hope you don't mind getting a letter from a "kid," even though the magazine is by and for women.

I'm writing to let you know how much I really appreciate your magazine, its articles, ads, stories, and especially the sex photo session.

I'd really love to subscribe to your magazine, but I'm reluctant. My mother, who is a lesbian, would have a fit if she saw *On Our Backs*. I'd have to hide it along with my male porno magazines. She's against porno for some reason, which I can't understand. I'm totally for porn magazines, no matter if it's men on men, women on women, and of course men on women.

L.D.
Los Angeles

U.S. Department of Justice
Federal Prison System
Federal Correctional Institution
Alderson, WV 24910
Gentlemen: *(sic)*

The 1989 *On Our Backs* calendar is being forwarded back to your mailing address. The contents of the publication contain objectionable material which is determined to be detrimental to the security, good order, or discipline of the institution.

Ron C. Burkhart
Warden

Your answer to the question of " why a woman would want to imagine having a cock," in the Jan-Feb 89 issue hits the nail right on the head! I am a "real" man who loves to pretend I *don't* have a dick. For instance, my fantasy is to have my cock under lock and key and a dildo gag strapped to my mouth. But judging from some of the letters and the WOMEN ONLY restriction in the personal ads, I feel persona non grata. If "gender fantasies" are some folk's cup of tea, if some lesbians like to pretend they have dicks and if S/M is fun, then why do you reject the notion of a submissive male who might, for example, wish to become the cock-bound dildo servant to one of your many readers? I hope I'm not caught in the old double standard trap: a lesbian can have a "dick," but I can't have a "vagina." Nevertheless, I do love *On Our Backs* and will continue to subscribe to it in the future.

M.K.
Plattsburgh, NY

Publisher's note;

Quite frankly, men are a few decades up on women in exploring and expressing their sexuality, due primarily to the double standard, which has provided men with tons of sexual materials and services while women, until very recently, had zip. In general women are just beginning to learn how to use these materials and their fantasies for sexual satisfaction, so their confidence is shakey and their sophistication rather minimal in comparison to men. Also men's sexuality has consequently leaned toward the strictly sexual while women's has been characterized by emotional sexual intimacy. Until the two are blended, men and women are not equal or well equipped partners in the sexual ballgame.

Men are starved for sophisticated and open sexual partners, as well as using services or acting out fantasies that many women haven't even thought of doing yet. Men are also used to being the aggressors while women will sit back and wait. It is obvious that if ***On Our Backs*** *opened up our personals to men, we'd make alot of money, we'd be overrun. The point of "Women Only" personals is to give us a place to feel safe during this growth period, where we are not jumped on the moment we express a glint of interest.*

Changes are in the air, and we all look forward to the day when women feel the extent of their sexual power, and do not feel threatened by men's sexual interests but rather understand and pursue our own sexual needs. Until that time there is only one lesbian sex mag where lesbians can find each other, and that is ***On Our Backs.*** *Only 5% of the readers we serve are men. Genderbending wonderfully blurs all distinctions, but after all, there is more to lesbian sexuality than genderfuck.*

GREAT BALLS FROM CHINA AND OTHER TALL TOYS

Susie Sexpert Reports: A few weeks ago a friend of mine told me she had persuaded a few of her more shy acquaintances to have a sex rap group. She explained these were the sort of women who were never going to visit a sex toy store no matter how congenial or woman-oriented it might be. Nonetheless, they were all curious about sex toys and Margaret asked me if she could borrow a few of my favorite items to play show and tell with.

"Sure, come over," I said, "But you have to bring them back by tomorrow, these are the foundations of my mental health."

"Is that all?' Margaret asked when she looked in my bag of tricks. She was disappointed that I only had a handful of items packed for her, but I wasn't about to get apologetic.

"Look, Maggie, we both know that the gadgets with the five rotating heads and automatic pilot don't hold a candle to a Magic Wand and a couple of nice-fitting dildos. I'm sick of teasing people with the mondo-appliance mentality when what they're happiest with is a couple of intense basic sensations."

She understood my point and went off to make the best of it with her group, but our discussion got me to thinking. I've always wanted MORE from sex toys, but it hasn't been the direction that the manufacturers were heading most to the time. The same men who make the 93-day programmable dual cam plaid-reversible whatchamacallits apply that same approach to inventing new sex toys, when what women are looking for is a substantial difference in style, comfort, power, and size.

Case in point: Joani Blank, owner of Good Vibrations, presented me with a prototype item from a man in the Midwest who sent along a desperately sincere four page letter to describe all his hopes and dreams for his invention.

The contraption itself had one attachment for the clit, one for anus, one for opening to the vagina, one for inside the cunt, snaps to hook onto a garter belt, and a hand-held battery operated control set. All in the same piece of plastic.

Sure, I'd be a guinea pig. But my conclusions were predictable. Battery operated anything doesn't do shit. And the little beast was ugly, with or without a snap-on lace garter belt. Not to mention that something with that many extensions and attachments is hardly going to fit every woman the same way.

If it's a vibrator, dammit, it should vibrate, not just buzz like a late night TV signal. I also prefer toys that are pleasing to look at, much like jewelry or any other adornment. Finally, you can never have too many sizes of something. Do we have to have Big and Tall sex toys to get the point across? Do we we have to get Lane Bryant into the dildo business? There are not enough small things and there are not enough really big things. Same for fat and skinny.

All this reflection made me consider what has changed in the toy biz since I first started working in sex education. Our efforts have not entirely gone in vain. I remember in the old days when I ordered for Good Vibes, I used to plead , "Could you make these joy sticks in some other color than D.O.A. Caucasian?"

Seven years later, you can now walk into the tackiest adult store and find vibrators in magenta and aqua. Don't laugh, this is a direct response to the female voice on the sex market, so let's take the credit for it. We brought a little color and imagination to the world of genital plastic, a recognition of what these toys are for: pleasure, not guilt and secrecy.

The silicone dildos from Scorpio Products in New York revolutionized the dildo market in the early 80's. Gosnell Duncan, the inventor and producer, understood the importance of size variety and sensuality in his design. Now, six years after he began, we have the first two lesbian dildo producers, small and still experimenting, but with the desire to make a difference in a world that "Doc Johnson" has abandoned to mediocrity.

Trilby Boone, our first toy creator, says she was always concocting custom dildos to please her lovers. She would heat up one of the ugly orange rubber jobs over the gas range and then carve away at it with her pocket knife. Cindy Burns, the other talented toy manufacturer/entrepreneur, had less romantic beginnings but nevertheless saw an obvious need: everyone has been dissatisfied with the quality and availability of toys at even the best stores,

Photo: Monika Treut

so why not address the market that's out there?

I suppose you want to know what these new dildos look like. Trilby's models are like illustrations from an artist's sketchbook: dildos in the shape of can-can dancers legs, dolphins, corn on the cob, and goddess figures, to name a few. She has items as slim as a pinky finger and at their widest, about 2" around. There's a couple of models that look like something went wrong at the play-dough factory, but her best designs are adorable.

Cindy's collection, on the other hand are not the least bit cute. They have a more primal, space fantasy feel and look to them. They are bigger and weightier than anything else I've seen, and the styles are simple: either cock-like or subtly fluted molds. Honestly, the two women's personalities come out in their work. Cindy is the kind of dyke you meet and say, "Take me away master, use me as you will," whereas Trilby is the sort of gal you say to, "Make it pretty for me honey, show me what you can do." Obviously, a girl needs both.

I'm so proud that women's creativity and good sense is finally expressing itself in businesses that we can all take advantage of. We've always been good at scavenging off the the mainstream sexual entertainment world, making the factory models work for us, and discovering our own delights in the kitchen cupboard or

the garden. But how often do women take the plunge and make their treasures accessible to others? This has been our weak point: going public.

One last tip for scavengers. The latest thrift shop for erotic invention is health food or Chinese medicine shops. I found out what was cooking last summer when a good friend presented me with a pair of Chinese Healing Balls; beautiful silver orbs, a little smaller than tennis balls, set in a red and black satin case. Inside the balls are weights that sound like distant chimes, and supposedly you do figure eights with these balls in your palms to relieve arthritis, high blood pressure, etc.

Well, I had a different health plan in mind. These fat pearls looked like what *ben wa* balls were suppose to be but never lived up to. I inserted one in my cunt, and smooth and round as it was, it slid in easily. At first I felt a little like Mother Hen. I wanted to sit on someone's lap and play golden goose. I stroked my clit for a while and felt the ball rolling gently inside me... I just had to try to insert the second one. These balls aren't quite like fisting because each one of them is smaller than any adult's hand, but the two together require a nice bit of room. I was very wet, and I could hardly stay serious enough to complete my experiment, but I edged the second globe past my lips. It just wouldn't quite go in. The base fluted out at my cunt's opening. Heaven. Almost in-Almost out is my preferred method of going insane.

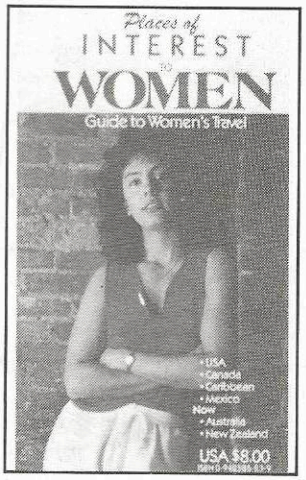
I rocked on my quilt and the chimes echoed from my belly. I felt like a Tibetan sex chant. I climaxed and the first silver egg tumbled out. The second ball stayed hugged in the upper walls of my vagina until my vagina relaxed to normal size about 15 minutes later. I never noticed how long it takes for my vagina to return to its undialated state, so this was an unexpected scientific bonus.

Do I have Richard Nixon to thank for my introduction to the Chinese material world? Apparently these balls are just one of the many stimulating products one can find in the new market opened up by American's interest in acupuncture and traditional healing. How will lesbians take the lead in the new oriental eroticism? I think I'll go chant some more and think about it.

Cindy Burns' and Trilby Boone's dildo designs are available from Good Vibrations. Send a SASE requesting their Spring 1989 newsletter for mail order information: Good Vibrations, 3492 22nd St., San Francisco, CA 94110.

Celebrate your sexuality. Proudly. Joyously.
At Eve's Garden, an elegant sexuality boutique, owned and operated by women. We grow pleasurable things for your mind, body and spirit.
eve's garden.
Open Tues-Sat 1-7pm:
#9 West 57th Street, Suite 1406 New York, NY 10019 (212)757-8651 or send $1 for our catalogue.

WOMEN'S...
Alcoholics Anonymous
Alcoholism Centers
Archives
Bars
Bed & Breakfasts
Bookstores
Boutiques
Buildings
Cabins
Cafes
Campgrounds
Centers
Coffeehouses
Conferences
Cottages
Cruises
Discos
Erotic Boutiques
Feminist Bookstores
Festivals
Gay/Lesbian Bookstores
Gay/Lesbian Centers
Gift Shops
Guest Houses
Gyms
Healing Arts
Hotels
Hotlines
Info Lines
Inns
Leather Shops
Lesbian Gatherings
Lesbian Groups
Mail Order
Music Archives
Music Festivals
Networking Groups
Night Clubs
Organizations
Outdoor Adventures
Referrals
Religious Groups
Resources
Restaurants
Retail Stores
Rodeos
S/M Groups
Sailing
Special Events
Spirituality
Sports Events
Substance Abuse Groups
Tour Operators
Tours Worldwide
Travel Agents
Travel, Planning



The Lesbian Guide to Travel Entertainment Networking

Consistent accuracy has made this carefully-edited book a best seller in women's bookstores across the country. COUNT on it for reliable information wherever you travel in the US, Canada, Caribbean, Mexico, Australia and New Zealand. Especially useful for travel planning are details of women's festivals, cruises, gatherings, outdoor adventures, etc. Also includes complete guide to women's press nationwide.

Available at women's locations everywhere.
To order direct, send $10.00 postpaid to Ferrari Publications
PO Box 37887, Phoenix, AZ 85069

Subscribe now for

Six Issues A Year Plus A Free Calendar!

FREE CALENDAR with 2 year subscription (only)

☐ One Year $28 ☐ I already have a sub, please extend

Name

Address

City State Zip

☐ Two Year $56 ☐ Send me my free 1989 On Our Backs calendar

Name

Address

City State Zip

ON OUR BACKS
526 CASTRO STREET
SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94114

☐ Send gift card from

SUBSCRIBE

LESBIAN CENSORS CLOSE WOMENS BOOKSTORE

Womonfyre Books of Northampton MA. has closed after eleven years of serving the gay, feminist and lesbian community. The store's demise is directly a result of a hair-raising witchhunt by feminist anti-pornographers. Jill Krolick, owner of Womonfyre, resisted attempts for over three years by such groups as *Educator/ Advocates Against Violence Against Women* who insisted she remove **On Our Backs** magazine from her shelves, along with other works by such authors as Pat Califia, Joan Nestle, Artemis Oakgrove, and Cappy Kotz.

What was their beef? "This material promotes violence, and lesbian battering is a real issue in this community," said enlightened protest leader Karen Alexander, summing up the wisdom of the sexphobia that has ravaged any pretense of freedom of speech in this area. Women's Studies programs in the five-college district have been the locus of a plan of brutal harassment against the bookstore, which included repeated thefts and screaming hissy fits of "customers" shouting "you sell pornography" as they waved copies of **On Our Backs** at the staff. Lesbians of such distinction also came into the store and ripped up postcards and magazines they deemed pornographic, or pasted "this insults women" stickers on the front window of the store. The fundamentalist feminists also attracted the attention of local religious fanatics who joined in the harassment of Womonfyre, culminating in burning a cross on the owner's lawn which simply read: "Lezzie."

The final blow that killed Womonfyre was economic, however. A group of "clean" feminists opened up a bookshop, Lunaria, in the same tiny geographic location, that will not allow any of the sexually controversial lesbian material in their stores. "It attracts men," they say, not that any men would see such things anyway since they are being turned away at Lunaria's front door.

Womonfyre was only the most cruelly victimized bookstore that attempted to carry **On Our Backs**. **Food For Thought**, a progressive bookstore in the university community, was pressured to remove **On Our Backs**, as was **The Newsroom**, a magazine and bookstand. **On Our Backs** was the first and most vicious target of the censors, who are now going after **Playboy** and **Penthouse** since they had such success purge from this area the only lesbian magazine published in the country.

You can save your breath writing letters of outrage to the anti-porn feminists, who are clearly in the grips of a Salem-like sexual hysteria. However, the liberal freedom of speech advocates in the area have been absolutely spineless on the issue, and could use a good kick in the pants. Jill Krolick, Womonfyre's owner, has been financially and emotionally devastated by her store's closure, and the local lesbian S/M group and archives are being currently harassed by censorship vigilantes. Letters of support and financial contributions may be reliably sent to Shelix, POB 416, Florence Station, Northampton, MA 01060.

NO HANDS IN LOUSIANA

The last issue of **On Our Backs** was banned in Louisiana, and parts of Southern California in obedience to obscenity laws in these areas which make illegal any depiction of "foreign objects in the vagina".

What is a foreign object in the vagina?

a) a Hong Kong vibrator

b) the car keys you lost last weekend

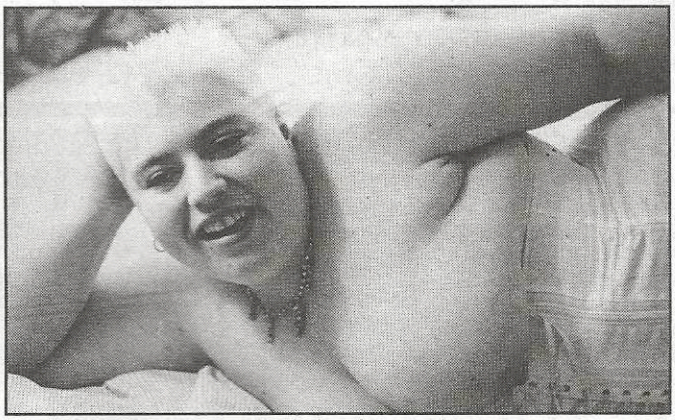
c) your lover's hand

d) all of the above

Yes, "D" is correct, even though the item that the law is most concerned about is what happens when five fingers curl up into a fistful of sensation. Why finger-fucking is OK and handballing is not, is not addressed by the local vice squads. Why are our orgasms deemed obscene, foreign, and perverted when they are a simple fact of everyday women's sexual response? Start speaking up, gals, or forever hold your hands.

OLD LESBIANS DO IT AGAIN

The second annual West Coast Conference and Celebration of Old Lesbians is scheduled for Aug. 4 - 6 at San Francisco State University. Topics of every concern to older lesbians, including sexuality, will be explored at the weekend event. For registration materials or more information, write: WCCC, POB 31787, San Francisco, CA 94131, or contact Rosemary Hathaway at (415) 626-7000.



Jill Posener

Big Jane invites you to spring in London . . .

SPRING IN LONDON

Spring in London is hot these days. A typical debauchery begins early afternoon with coffee and gateaux at London's only gay coffee shop, **First Out**. Here dates are made for the long night ahead. Dinner at the gay vegetarian restaurant/bar, **Fallen Angel**, follows and is climaxed by the arrival of leather women. These dykes with their pale complexions and bleach blond crewcuts, resplendent in black leather designs not available in this country and accompanying silver chain-ery, set off the evening's social alarm: the bad girls have arrived. The time has come to pool over to **Market Tavern**, a Tuesday night lesbian club. A white haired, pierced amazon is fisting two girls at the same time in the gentlemen's loo, while a couple of other frantic and horny women are getting it on in a less ostentatious fashion in the women's lavatory. A prominent lesbian writer gets stripped bare at the center of the cocktail tables. Of course explicit propositions are common. **Chain Reaction**, the British lesbian S/M group, sponsors such nights at **Market Tavern** in South London, which plays host to a crude and exciting display of S/M ethics and entertainment.

The fact that this goes on in a city where **On Our Backs** is banned at the one gay bookshop and the feminist movement is so conservative it makes those Massachusetts Women's Studies Majors look like bleeding liberals is shocking, but where there is a will, (and a hard clit), there is a way, ladies. See you in the loo.

ADVENTUROUS LESBIAN LITERATURE available at

A DIFFERENT LIGHT

BOOKS • MAGAZINES • VIDEOS • and MORE

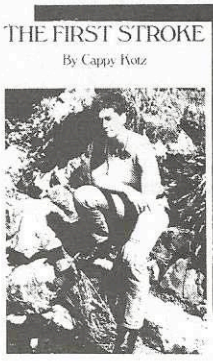
489 Castro Street
San Francisco, CA 94114
415/431-0891

548 Hudson Street
New York, NY 10014
(212) 989-4850

4014 Santa Monica Boulevard
Los Angeles, CA 90029
(213) 668-0629

THE FIRST STROKE

Cappy Kotz (aka Crystal Bailey)



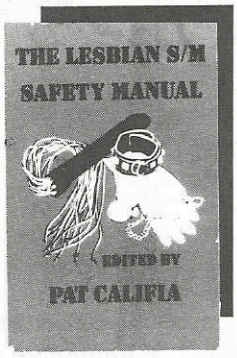
"Pure lesbian passion —intense, unkind, vital, on target and utterly necessary... These are women you could wait for the way I've waited for this book...Makes us see what life might be like if we all got a little more."

– Pat Califia

$7.95

THE LESBIAN S/M SAFETY MANUAL

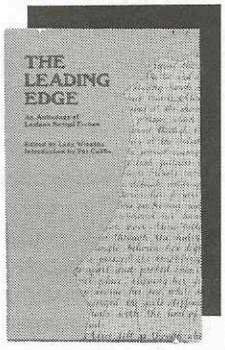
Edited by Pat Califia



An essential guide for the leather dyke who wants to be well informed about how to play safe and stay healthy. Information on emotional safety, physical safety, first aid, STD's, penetratio and "How to Make It Hurt So Good."
$7.95

THE LEADING EDGE

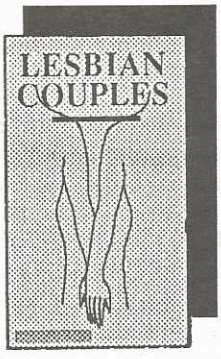
Edited by Lady Winston



An anthology of erotic fiction written by lesbians for lesbians. A diverse selection of writers, many of them contributors to *On Our Backs*, makes this collection an ideal primer to the world of lesbian erotica.
$9.95

LESBIAN COUPLES

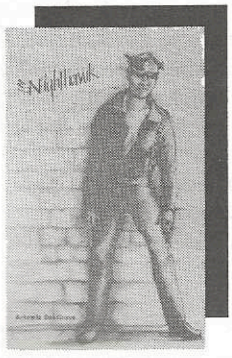
D. Merilee Clunis & G. DorseyGreen



The first guide for lesbians that tackles the pleasures and problems of being half a couple. An eminently useful book, particularly its sections on understanding each other and resolving conflicts.
$10.95

NIGHTHAWK

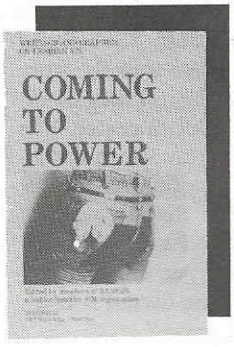
Artemis Oakgrove



The author of *The Lesbian Throne Trilogy* mixes lust, passion and desire in this erotically charged S/M lesbian fantasy about dangerous, inner-city women. The lead character was inspired by a picture of Rachael in *On Our Backs*. *$8.95*

COMING TO POWER

Edited by members of SAMOIS, a lesbian/feminist S/M organization



A ground-breaking collection of writings, graphics, humor and erotica focusing on lesbian S/M.
$8.95

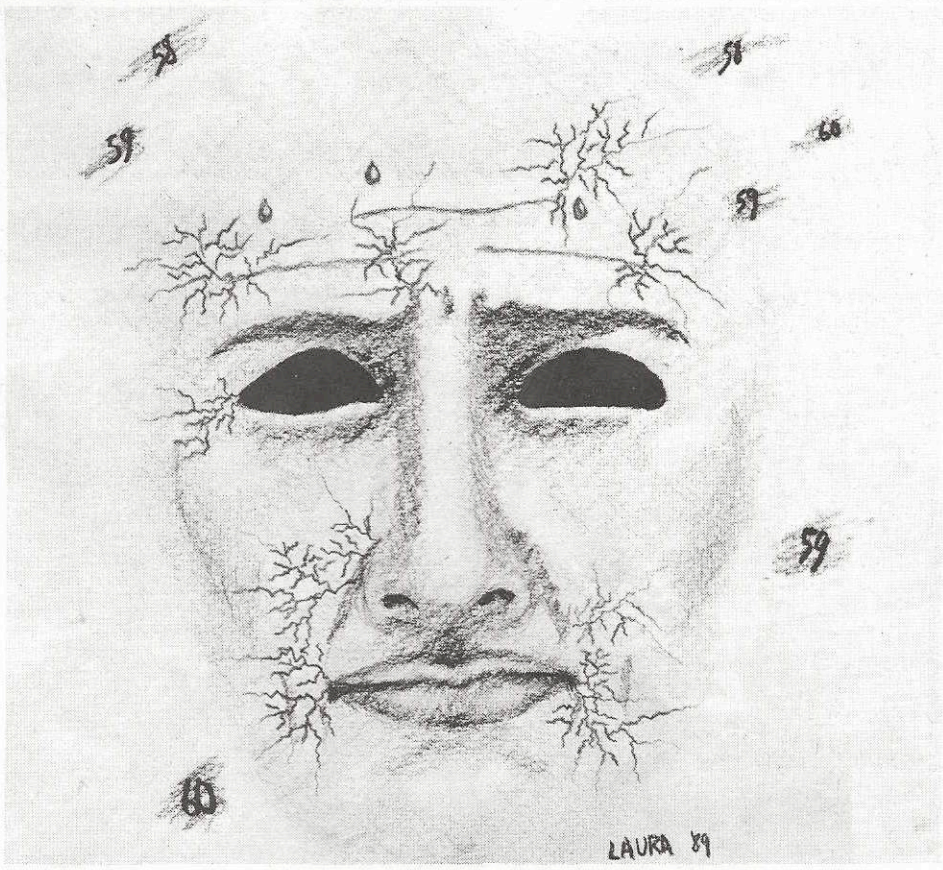
We also carry the complete line of videos from Fatale Video: *Clips, Private Pleasures, Shadows, BurLEZk, Fun with a Sausage & L'Ingenue*, and of course, *On Our Backs*.

A DIFFERENT LIGHT

GAY AND LESBIAN LITERATURE

- *Phone Orders*
- *Mail Orders*
- *Special Orders*
- *Gift Certificates*

Ad by Mario Mondelli for New Faces Graphics, SF (864-8094)



THE JUDGEMENT DAY

"Numbers 58, 59 and 60, follow me."

58 is an aging black man, silent and preocupied. 59 is a bearded student, backpack on his lap, who has been intently reading a guide to California campsites. I am number 60. It is a sunny afternoon in 1987, and the three of us are about to learn the results of our AIDS antibody tests.

Two afternoons every week a kaleidoscope of the worried well and the worried not-so-well converge on this Oakland clinic. Each person approaches the desk, receives a number, and begins to be processed. First comes the video in the waiting room; we sit in worn plastic chairs while a cute teenage girl explains what can and cannot give you AIDS. The information is far from complete, making no mention of oral sex, menstrual blood, or piss — perhaps these subjects are just too embarassing for a public reception area. Although clearly aimed at young heterosexuals, the film is self-consciously sympathetic to gay men.

Even after the video ends, no one in the room smiles, hums, or strikes up a conversation. In fact, no one says anything at all — we are all too busy maintaining our cool. It is the tensest waiting room I've ever known.

Occasionally, a staff person comes to the doorway, calls out a few numbers, and those summoned follow obediently down a maze of corridors. The staff is mostly middle-aged black women, weary from the constant press of humanity. I cannot tell who is a nurse, a doctor, or a social worker — those crisp white uniforms all look the same to my untrained eye. When someone official tells me to stand, sit, or move, I obey without comment, and eventually my right arm is stretched out, ready to produce the telltale blood. But before inserting the needle, the nurse pauses to carefully show that the number attached to my vial matches the number on my card. No one wants to be responsible for a careless mistake.

I go home to wait two weeks for the results. For a year I'd been "on the verge" of being tested, freely admitting to myself and others that I really should. After all, my sex life has been fairly low risk and it would feel so good to be secure.... What I hadn't admitted even to myself, of course, was that the difference between low risk and no risk terrified me. By delaying the test, I could avoid that two week purgatory, and most especially, I could avoid Judgement Day.

Two weeks to the day, I'm driving back to the clinic, fighting off anxiety by repeating my mantra: I'm not high risk, I'm not high risk. The waiting room is the same antiseptic beige, and most of my former compatriots are back to face the music. I still have at least a thirty minute wait in front of me, and already my heart is pounding. Every risky sexual encounter I've had in the last ten years passes slowly before my eyes, and I have the time to regret every one, individually and collectively.

Once over dinner a friend confided in me that when she'd entered that little room to get the verdict, the social worker began with: "Is there anything you'd like to say first?" Terrified to the core, she broke down and cried. For the next twenty minutes she told the social worker everything high risk that she'd ever done in her life, and only then did she learn that she was negative. What a great scare tactic, I thought with disgust, and vowed that I'll keep *my* interview short and sweet — just the facts ma'am and if I want counseling, I'll apply for it.

Suddenly, I hear a familliar voice call my name, and I look up with instinctive delight; the happiness of a traveler far from home meeting a friend. It was my play partner, Mary. Two months before, she'd been up on her knees before me, licking slowly and reverently up my thighs. Now here we both are, making polite conversation in the world of test tubes and educational videos. She's being retested after the recommended six month interval, just to be sure. I'm envious; if *I'd* gotten one negative result, I wouldn't be sitting here gripping the chair. As we talk, the embarassment of our current environment begins to replace my initial delight. What if she asks about my test result next time we meet? Then I realize that, no, it would be too impolite, and potentially too painful.

Finally, I'm called; 58, 59 and I are lined

(Continued on page 41)

H. L. Cottrell

The Belonging

She owns me, of course. Oh, not in the literal sense, but I belong to her as surely as any of her possessions. There are times when all she wants to do is gaze at me lovingly, as if I were a petted, caged bird.

"Turn a little," she'll say.

I take a step, knowing that the afternoon sunlight seeping through our curtains is creating a luminous glow on my breasts, forming a gold sihouette. She is mesmerized by my hardened nipples. Thy are like tiny, golden crowns on my sunlit breasts.

I lean back onto my elbows, allowing my knees to fall apart. She steps closer, her eyes following the course of the sunlight to this forbidden area between my moist thighs. Her chin lifts slightly, reminding me of my proper station, and I avert my eyes, not daring to raise them even as high as the hem of her skirt. My thighs press back farther, allowing her eyes to roam freely over the golden tangled halo framing my dew-filled cunt.

Sometimes, at this moment she comes to me and caresses my naked thigh. The touch of her long, strong, fingers never fails to jolt me. Today, however, she stands aloof. She laughs softly at the sight of my glistening wetness and I blush, unable to prevent its steady, traitorous trickle.

Her eyes gleaming with satisfaction, she licks her top lip.

"Spread your lips," she says slowly. "I want to see you masturbate." I open myself wider for her pleasure. I spread my inner lips as far as I can and her eyes linger on the rosy hues of my center. My middle finger seeks out the slit, an easy task, for it is engorged in expectation.

I stroke it slowly, deliberately, making love not to myself, but to her. The nectar coats my lips, making them shine. My fingers catch a pinch of it, pulling out its sweetness in a musky silken strand that I spread up my hairs and onto my belly.

She shudders, and I watch her tight blouse stretch against her chest. She comes no closer, but I know I arouse her. My strokes grow faster, in answer to her undisguised hunger, and my belly contracts with spasms. My hips arch and I moan deep in my throat. She laughs softly again.

"My wicked little beast," she whispers. "My shameless little slave."

My belly contracts painfully at her words. It's true: I have become the sexual animal she describes.

Her fingers stroke her own clothing, but she is not ready to join me. She stares at me, measuring me for some infraction. Will she come to me soon?

"Faster," she says, and I am quick to oblige. I feel that exquisite pain again as I find that sensitive part of me, and as I come my head rolls slowly from side to side.

"Come to me," she says, allowing me no respite.

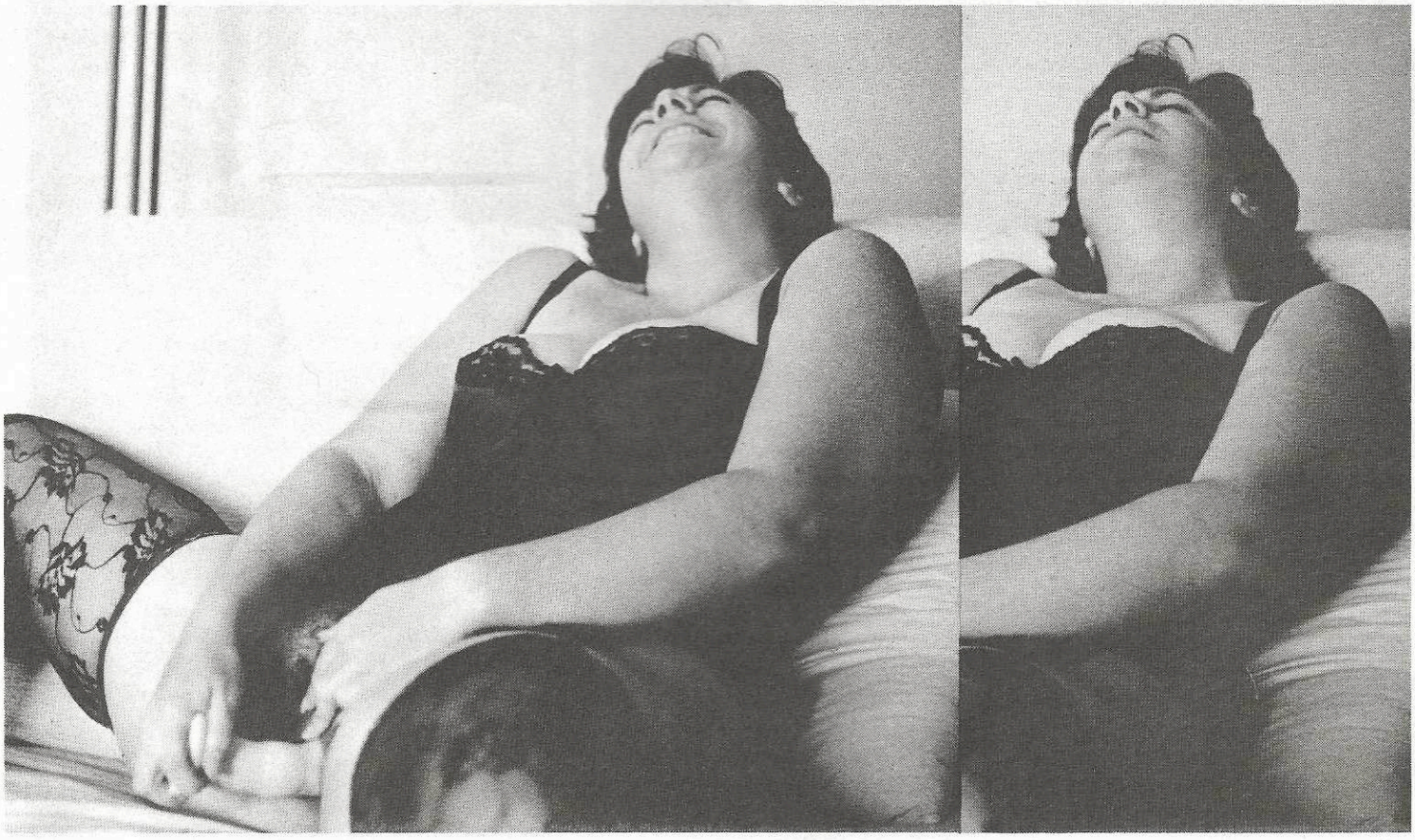
She whispers my name, but I will not be tricked. She is a strict mistress, completely inflexible, capable of the swiftest mood shift. She's capable, perhaps even eager, to punish me thoroughly—as I so often deserve. I will not look up. I am forbidden to see her nakedness, and have, in fact, never seen her so. I drive the mere thought of it from my mind, knowing that it is an infraction to even think of it, but also knowing that later I will confess to having done so. She is my mistress, and I am her slave, and I am permitted to keep no secrets from her. My thoughts, as is my body, are always naked to her. As one does not clothe one's saucer or one's purse, one doesn not clothe one's slave. In her eyes, my nakedness is a constant reminder of my inferior position.

I stand before her, eyes lowered, and she pulls my fingers to her nose and sighs, savoring my muskiness. I know it is time. My quick fingers free the blouse from her shoulders and my mouth reaches for her. My lips envelope her left nipple and my tongue flicks quick circles around its hardness.

But now, it is her turn to recline. My tongue and fingers trace paths down her blly to her pubis, and my mouth reaches (Continued on page 45)

Photos: Jill Posener

Hillary: Alone again - Happily



Celia and the Bed

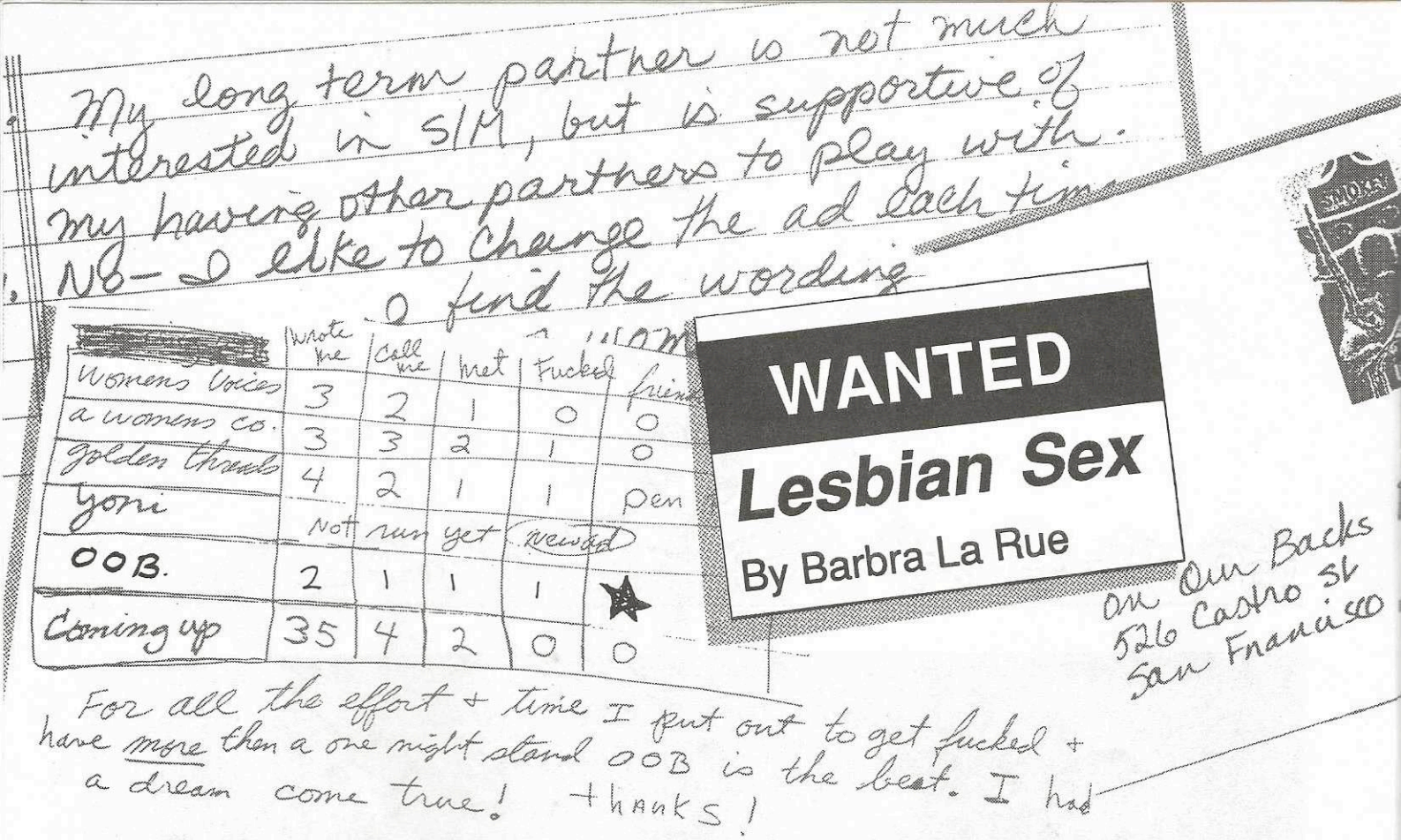
author: Winn Gilmore

Celia snaked the black 450SL into the tight parking space and switched off the ignition with one long, black-gloved hand. She checked her electric black mane in the rear-view mirror, then smiled. Perfect. As always. She caressed the door handle, opened the door, then slid out of the car. She smiled again as her tight black leather skirt slid up her naked thigh. Suddenly she shivered, both from the promise of what lay ahead and from the excitement of her thighs sliding together. She was wet already.

"Buenas tardes, senora," the salesman crooned as she entered the bedding shop. He bowed not out of professional courtesy, but to better glide his greedy eyes up her long,

(Continued on page 38)

Jane Bond


My long term partner is not much interested in S/M, but is supportive of my having other partners to play with. NB- I like to change the ad each time I find the wording
Wrote me
Call me
Met
Fucked
Womens Voices 3 2 1 0 0
a womens co. 3 3 2 1 0
golden threads 4 2 1 1 pen
yoni NOT run yet (revised)
OOB. 2 1 1 1
Coming up 35 4 2 0 0
WANTED
Lesbian Sex
By Barbra La Rue
On Our Backs
526 Castro St
San Francisco
For all the effort + time I put out to get fucked + have more then a one night stand OOB is the best. I had a dream come true! +hanks!

The most popular pages in *On Our Backs* are easily the last three— the personal classified ads. From the very first issue in 1984, *On Our Backs* decided that women needed a new way to meet other women for frankly erotic intentions. At that time, our staff had never seen personal ads in the other gay papers where lesbians asked for much more than discrete/candlelit/ nonsmoking/ walks on the beach. But we knew better.

In our premiere issue, each of our five staff members wrote a personal ad. Co-publisher Nan Kinney was the only one to get a response, and to our chagrin, it was only because her ad described herself as financially secure.

In the next issue, we offered free personal ad space for women willing to take the chance on a new method to meet sexual partners. This time it took off. Lesbians responded with explicit, sexy, impatient, and kinky declarations of all kinds. The love letters started pouring in response.

It was hard not to open them and find out who all these horny lesbians were! We were curious. Were personal ads a new experience for them? Did they find what they were "desperately seeking"? Did any of them actually get it on?

We avoided snooping all those years. But the five year tension was too great. Finally, we wrote and requested our past advertisers to take a few minutes of their wild sex life and fill out a short nosy questionnaire. We got 53 in-depth replies: and as we read over the responses, a telling portrait emerged.

The women who were most successful with their ads tended to be sexually experienced in a particular speciality, for instance, S/M or group sex. The next biggest success group were dykes who were also erotically articulate in their ads, and more importantly, who made an effort to go out on a genuine date; an erotic adventure. The women who went out dancing, drinking, or for rides in automobiles that have lots of big seats for making out, did far better than those who stuck to letter writing, phone calls and determinedly platonic meetings to "interview" each other.

We were excited that 35% of our readers' ads did find their dream dates. We know that there has never been a forum for lesbians to meet each other like this before, and it's like going to a gay bar for the first time— what are the rules, the best way to meet someone? We're new to this, and as usual, we're fighting all our old feminine training to hesitate where boldness is required, the war between sexual anxiety and our erotic priorities.

The pioneering edge to the lesbian debut in personal ads is that we are a more creative, enthusiastic bunch than the typical male advertiser. Once women open themselves up to the possibility of finding a lover through the mail, they seem to have a zeal and exuberance that Miss Lonelyhearts never dreamed of. Or as one of our happiest classified lovers wrote, "Of course I would run the ad again, and again and again - because of the response and the intense sexual experiences I had with the first one. It was well worth the money!"

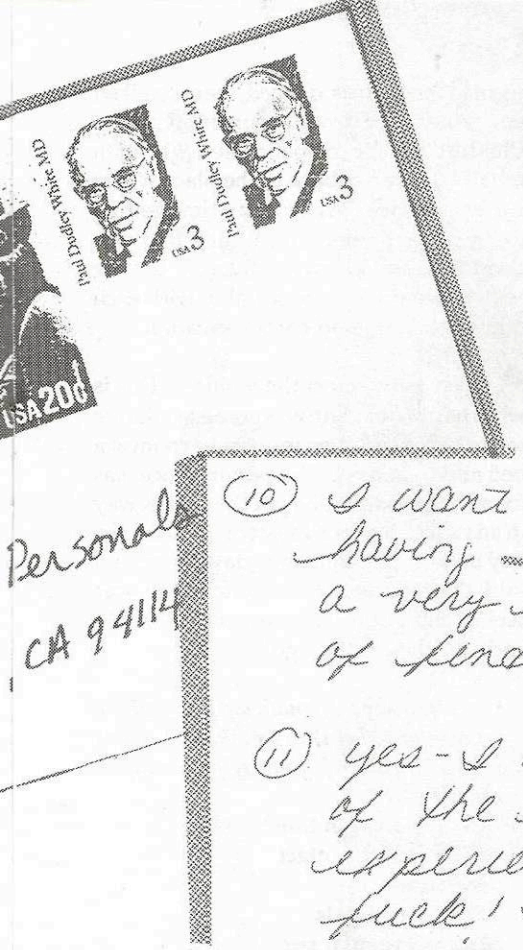
Age	
28%	18–25
42%	26–35
22%	36–45
7%	45+

Why did your place the ad you did?

41%	**new approach to meeting a lover**
35%	**looking for specialty sex (s/m, menage a trois, etc.)**
10%	**shy, find public/social introductions intimidating**
8%	**geographically isolated**
6%	**on a dare, a joke**

Thirty-five percentof our advertisers were attracted to the personals to fulfill many of their wildest sexual fantasies. The other large group, 41% ,were looking for a new way to begin a relationship. These women also shared many of the sentiments of the 23% "Other" replies: disappointment in their available lesbian dating scene, or geographic isolation. Only 10% of our personals advertisers were the stereotypical "Lonelyhearts"; those who have difficulty initiating personal contact.

• The reason for my ad appearing in *On*



THE ON OUR BACKS PERSONALS QUESTIONNAIRE

1. What is your age group?
under 18 years
18-25 years
26-35 years
36-45 years
45 + years
none of your damn business

2. Were you in a relationship at the time you placed your ad?
Yes, monogamous
Yes, non-monogamous
No, none at all

3. What did your ad say? COLD AS ICE, MY BLADE ON YOUR THIGH

4. How many issues did your ad run? 1

5. How many replies did you recieve? 7

6. Did you expect more replies? Fewer? No, No

7. To how many of the replies did you reply? 4

(10) I want having a very rural area of finding a "hot one"

Personals
CA 94114

(11) yes - I would run the ad again - because of the response and the intense sexual experience I had w/ the one I did fuck! It was well worth the $!

Our Backs is my shyness to meet other gay women. I've always found it difficult to meet women like myself or even go to clubs or meetings where such women are present.

• I am a lonely, horny punk rocker and there aren't too many others like me.

• I placed the ad because I'm terminally horny and I travel a bit. This way I can "advertise" nationwide and possibly meet women all over the U.S. to fuck.

• I decided to try placing an ad because there are very few places in Panama City where a lesbian can get acquainted with other gay women.

• I wrote the ad after having a few drinks. My lowered inhibitions allowed me to indulge my masochistic yearnings by writing the ad; however, after sobering up and after having mailed the ad, I cringed at what I had written.

• I placed the ad because I'm great in bed; I like one-night stands, so why not get "paid" for it? I wanted to see if I could do it, and I want to live the champagne life but I have a beer wallet. Plus, I've always thought that San Francisco should have a lesbian escort service.

• I wanted to view myself from outside. I was curious to see who would get turned on by my ad and have the guts to respond, submit and tell me why I should let her please me.

Would you run the same ad again?	
46%	Yes
50%	No
4%	Not sure

The most confident advertisers were those whose self- description matched their sexuality and lifestyle over the course of time. Women who wanted to change their ad were either in the middle of a transition that turned out differently than they expected. More common were those women who were afraid or unsure of disclosing certain details of what they wanted. A more lighthearted group of the "no's" were simply girls who wanted to try a different adventure the next time around!

• I have every intention of running more ads in **On Our Backs**, but different copy. It makes things more interesting, and I figure I can catch more fish by using a variety of bait!

• Yes, I would run the same ad, because I said exactly what I wanted and it caught several good women of my interests—fast.

• My ad failed because I had not entirely gotten my point across that I was a masochist.

• I would not place the same ad that I did, because I am no longer just coming out.

• Maybe what I want doesn't exist. I think I didn't give enough info in my ad and maybe I'm not crystal clear on what I want. Writing personals and meeting lesbians through personals is such a new experience for me. I feel a lot more comfortable meeting women in other ways. I was afraid some crazy woman would answer. I was worried about meeting people in person because I'm a large woman and it seemed like they were all looking for perfect dykes. I'm not sure I fully thought about the consequences of placing an ad.

Did you meet any of your respondents? What happened at your first meeting?	
36%	had great sex
18%	danced and partied
14%	were stood up or didn't show
14%	never met because they weren't interested in the responses they received
7%	found true love
7%	became erotic pen pals
3%	met, but couldn't stand each other
3%	became good friends

Over half, or 53% , or our advertisers met

their respondents and either had great sex or founded a relationship. The number who were enthusiastic about their sexual encounters, 36%, is outstanding. These answers were also the most exciting, because of the experiences confided to us. For both them, and our magazine's original purpose, it was like a wet dream come true.

Also illuminating were the answers that came from those who had the greatest failure: the 28% who didn't receive any replies they liked, or who went through the motions of making a date but never saw it happen. These women clearly took a risk in placing an ad, but were reluctant to reveal themselves accurately in words or take a chance on a face to face meeting. The acting of writing a personal is apt to be a disappointment if the advertiser is ambivalent about taking the next chance: responding directly to the interest she attracts.

• My mom drove me to town to meet her. I jumped into her white trans-am with red insides and we went for drinks. I had champagne and she had VO. In less than 1/2 hour we had decided we had to fuck. Quick. So we drove around town (Friday night) checking out motels. No vacancy signs were up everywhere—she started checking key return boxes till she found one with a key in it. Broke it open and we hijacked a used room in the middle of the night and fucked our brains out till 4 a.m., took showers and split for the saner and safer bed at my home.

• One meeting was held in the patio of a home. At the rear was a nice high wall running around the entire yard for seclusion. Our conversation as we sat at a small metal table was about lesbianism in general sharing experiences. She offered me ice water in a glass and had some herself. At the height of our conversation, she then asked me how I was like a postage stamp and I told her that we both got licked. She threw the water out of her glass right in my face and told me, "You lick both first and then stamp them on a surface," then held on to my wrists with her powerful hands and laughed telling me, "You don't like that, do you, Ruth?" Then she stood up, lifted me by my hair from my chair and threw me over her shoulder and carried me into the house still laughing. The rest was totally lesbian activity.

• I never really met any of the women who answered my ad. I spoke with two of them over the phone, but everything fizzled out.

• The three of us went into the bedroom for a lesbian orgy that went from pussy eating to asshole rimming, to whole body licking to who knows what. Wow! One woman was in her forties and the other was in her fifties. LOVED IT!

• I got a great letter from a woman in Chicago. It just so happened I took a trip to Chicago a couple of weeks after receiving her letter. I let her know when and where I'd be staying and invited her to meet but she didn't contact me. That's OK. I don't much care for stand-offish, wimpy types anyhow, and I'm *not* looking for "pen-pals."

• One of the women I met appealed to me on a friendship level and has remained a very well-liked companion. The other lesbian I met wanted instant sexual intimacy for which I was emotionally unprepared.

• Well, we met at a bar and had a few drinks. I got so hot that I slid down her panties and got under the table and ate her out and I almost got caught.

• Both meetings began with us having dinner together. The *first* lady was very anxious to lay down the rules, show me the toys she'd brought with her, began to immediately humiliate me, my table manners, the way I dressed, the way I talked and walked. I am Black, she is white, and she played heavily on that. We were in the bed inside of thirty minutes after finishing dinner.

The *second* lady was much more soft-spoken although a heavily built, dyke-ish type. She also had toys and preferred using the fur handcuffs and fur collar. I told her I like spankings and she happily accommodated my wishes.

In both meetings, we engaged in fucking, sucking, nipple play with clamps, anal love, water sports, body licking and showers.

• I met with two of the women who answered my ad. The first woman and I had a very hot time together at the first meeting. We created quite a scene that I cannot even put into words. The second woman was traveling around the country and stopped in just for a visit. We did not fuck but we did have a wild time in N.Y.C. going to several bars in the village, even crashing a men's leather bar.

We hit it off right away. She was so cute and just my type—exactly what my ad described. She was short, fat, Filipino and avante garde. We did a lot of things—went to the movies, danced, ate out, talked and talked, and drove around So. Cal, but she didn't want to spend the night with me so I drove her back to the place where she was staying. We took our time getting to know each other and I think that was good because when we did start having sex we were very comfortable with each other and had good communication.

• I never got to meet the woman. This is what happened. She was going to take me to the ballet and even reserved a room at a bed and breakfast. The performance was for a Wednesday. She got the tickets way in advance. It was all systems go until the day before. She called the day before and said that she and this woman she was seeing had gotten serious over the weekend and she couldn't go!

Have you kept in touch with any of the women you met through the ad? What is the status of your relationship(s) today?

76%	**kept in touch**
23%	**lost contact**

Breakdown

30%	**pen pals**
20%	**regular sex**
20%	**friends**
17%	**no interest in maintaining contact**
6%	**long term relationship that ended**
6%	**long term relationship, ongoing**

Seventy-six percent, the largest single response to anything we asked on our questionnaire, said they still are in touch with the initial respondents to their ads. The most lasting relationships seem to be the sexy letter writers! We were impressed that 20% of the advertisers continue to enjoy sex with their respondents, without getting married to them, proving that serial monogamy is not absolutely mandatory in the lesbian community.

• Yes—we're still corresponding—my mailbox stays almost too hot to handle.

• No, still alone, but have a date tonight!

• I have kept in touch with most of the women who responded to my ad. One is now my weekend warrior, if you know what I mean.

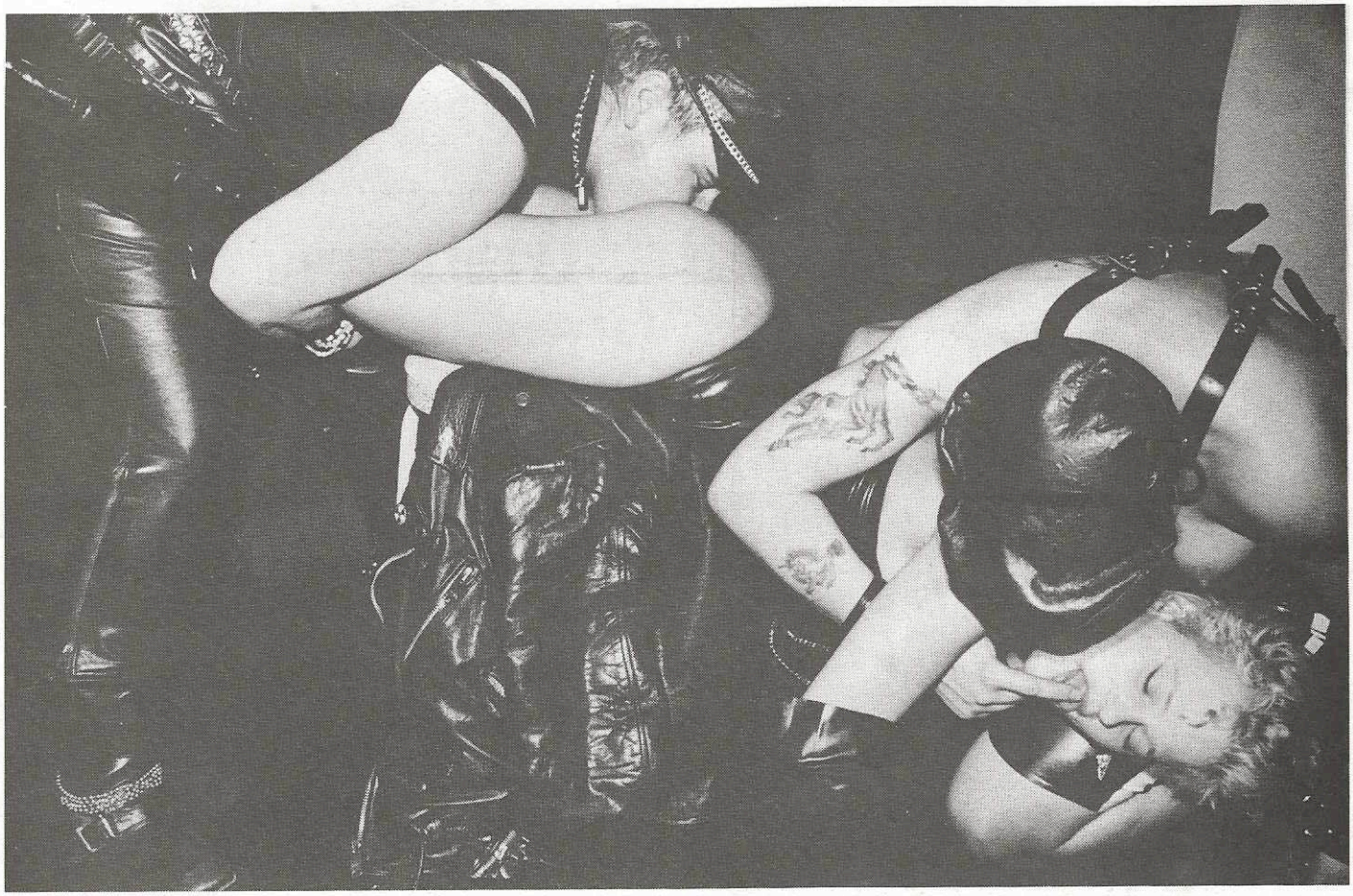
• Yes, I'm still in touch with both women. Our status at this point is that we consider ourselves perfectly matched sex partners.

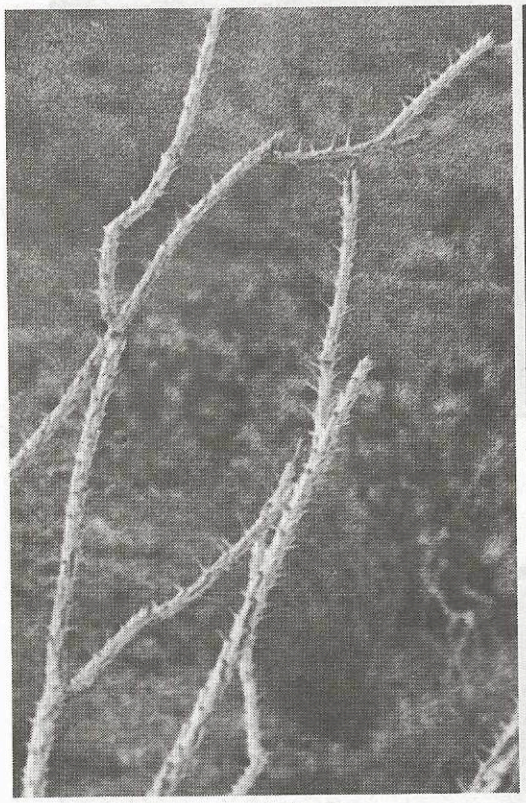
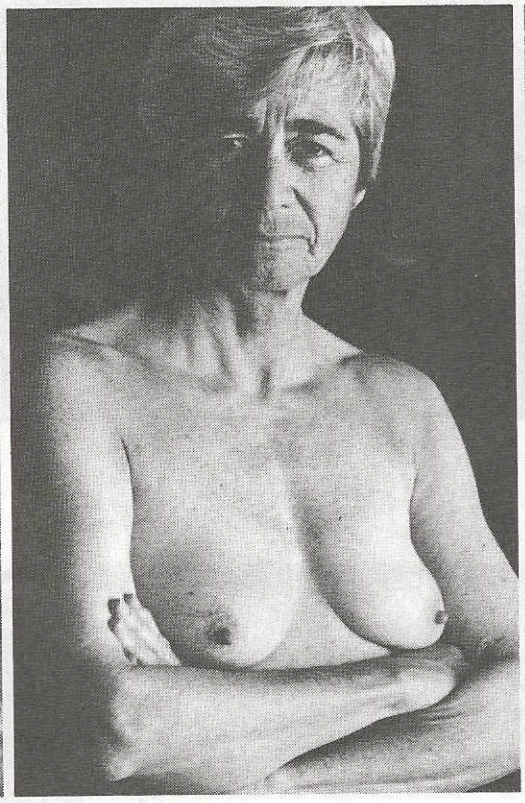
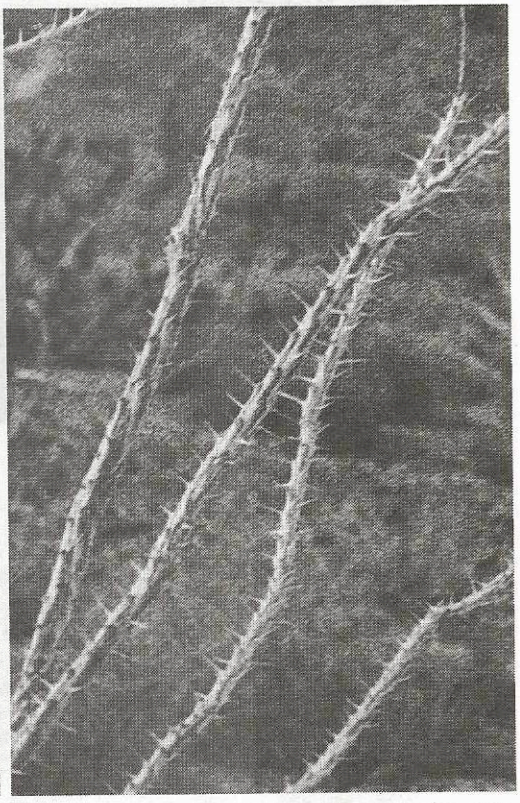
(Continued on page 45)

The GIRL CAN'T HELP IT

PHOTOS BY DELLA DISGRACE

AMIE • NOGUINE • PERRY MODELS



photos: Honey Lee Cottrell

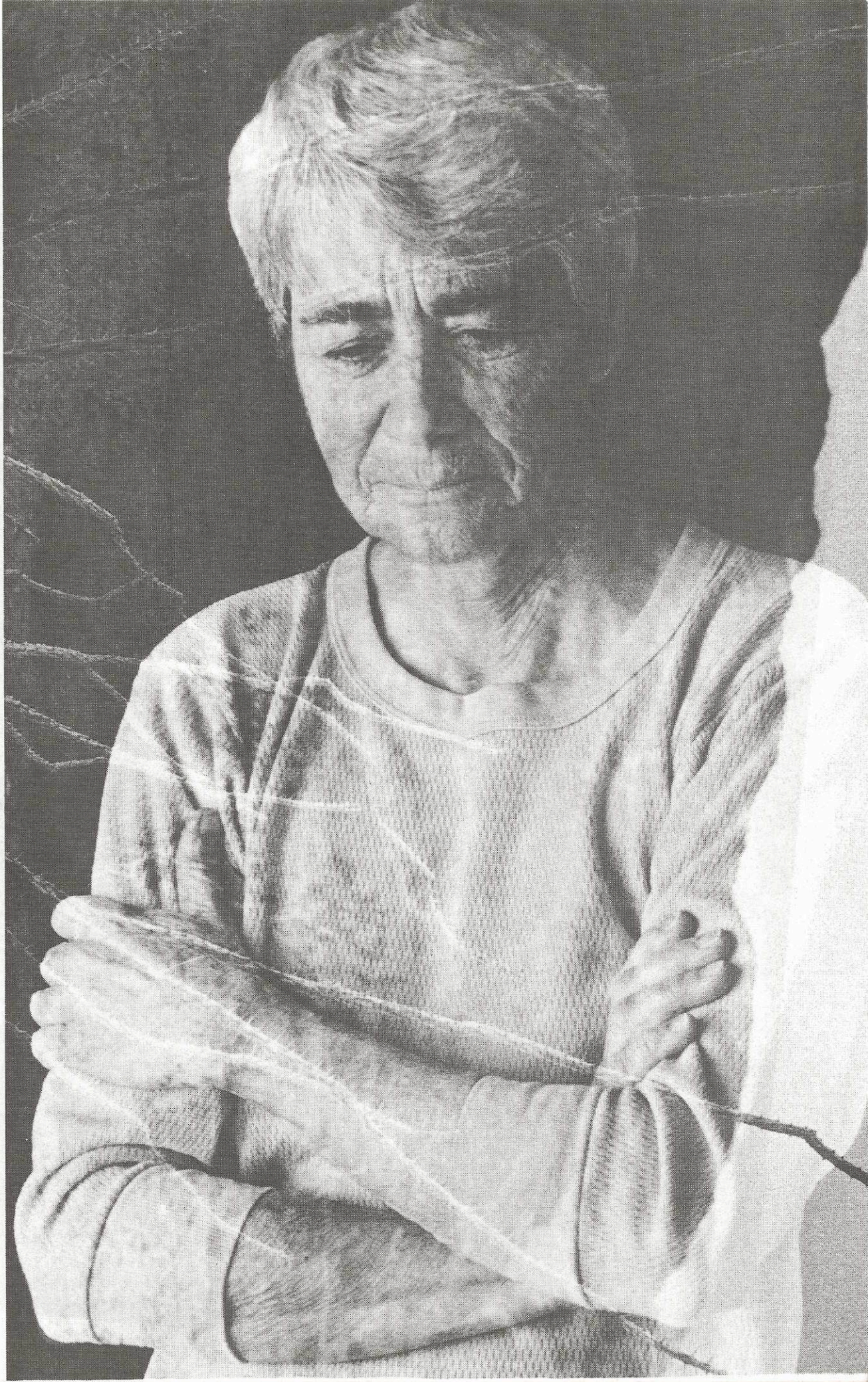
author: Lee Lynch

Cactus Love

Until Saturday I'd have bet my bottom dollar I was a washout. It had been ten years since I touched my last woman. I just didn't have the energy for love. Too much like walking barefoot onto a cactus in the dark.

Then Van came, with her youth and her brains. I hired her to run the retail end of my cactus ranch. That left me free to spend all of my time on the growing, the

(Continued on page 42)



FAITH

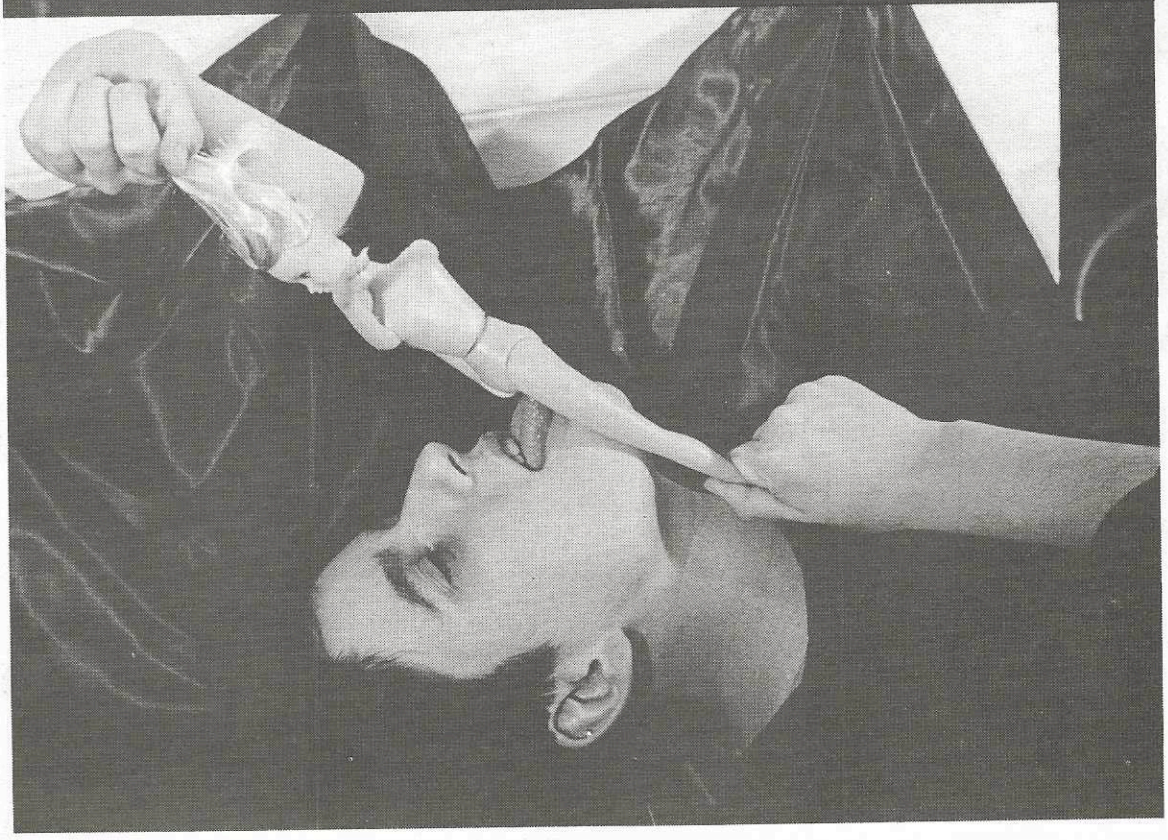
"A faithful friend is a strong defense." She shared with me that little bit of wisdom she got from a fortune cookie she opened on New Year's Eve, 1987. She got it at a closet party she went to after a fast fuck with me. Everyone at the party was a woman. Eight of them. At least four passing for straight, including her and her "girlfriend," who'd been going at it under

(Continued on page 37)

author: Home Girl
photo: Anne Marie Smith

Gals and Dolla

Photos and Models: Evans, Brill, Smith



HAYFEVER
Tigress Video,
PO Box 609,
Cotati, CA. 94928.
$50.00 ppd.

Hayfever / Tigress Productions

The new full-length feature from Tigress Video has arrived: **Hayfever**, a sort of dyketown town Hee-Haw; part comedy, part musical, and surprisingly weak as erotica. Tigress once again had a beautiful location, an enthusiastic cast, and exquisite attention to the musical score. But the sex? It's embarrassing. What went awry?

One of the biggest challenges for lesbian erotic video directors is holding steadfast to their visions. The lesbian community's cultural inclination, heavily influenced by politics, leans towards a criticism which borders on self-righteousness. Combine that with the typical social suspicions of anything sexual, and only a heroine of incredible self-fortitude and determination could stay tuned to her true artistic erotic expression.

Unfortunately, Tigress seems to have compromised their sexual priorities because of the "politically correct" pressure. They will sadly find out the the same anti-porn critics from before will never give them any slack, and in the meantime they will have disappointed their audience who is looking for sensuous, uninhibited lesbian lovemaking.

For the ill-informed or forgetful, it must be mentioned here that Tigress Productions has made lesbian history because it was the first lesbian video company to have produced, for lesbian benefit, an erotic video. Before Tigress' **Erotic in Nature** in 1985, there simply was no such animal in existence. **Erotic in Nature**, like the child it was, was pure, uninhibited and precious in its first attempt at portraying lesbian sex on screen. The video received conservative criticism from the very community it meant to please and inform; particularly relating to a masturbation scene where the lead actress licked her red glass dildo before she slipped it inside her pussy. Of course, there was also the ultimate ironic complaint about X-rated movies: too much sex. As if the lesbian community had been suffering from sexual over-consumption! These attitudes represented an unpreparedness on the part of the lesbian feminist audience to recognize the sexual rumblings which had preceded this video by a decade. These rumblings represented changes in sexual knowledge, expression and sophistication. Those who choose to ignore or fight these changes were caught off guard when confronted with its symbol and result, **Erotic in Nature**. Lesbian critics responded with dated analysis of women and sex, i.e., sex is primarily an exploitative activity invented by men to subjugate women.

Unfortunately, Tigress in its innocent exuberance and naivete, were also unprepared to protect themselves from the inevitable onslaught of protests destined to befall the inordinate, the vanguard.

In their long-awaited second release, **Hayfever**, the signs of this weakness are alarming. They have watered down the sex, which is the point, after all, of why anyone would be interested in such a movie. Yes, it has group sex. Yes, it has mainstream porn star Nina Hartley tied to a four-poster bed outdoors, resembling the hapless virgin tied to the train tracks in the silent film era by a villain, who in this case is the epitome of Mary Daly's fictional "Hag." Aside form Nina and her lover, the other erotic performers are characterized as buffoons, clowning country bumpkins who are the last images you want to see rolling around in the hay.

Ask yourself: of all the types of lesbian you would like to identify with and watch being sexual, does the Clampetts of **The Beverly Hillbillies** ever come to mind? And is this the image of lesbian sexuality you'd like the outside world to see?

Tigress needs to have a more forward looking and provocative approach to their sex videos, and they need to recognize the power and responsibility their medium has in influencing lesbian sexual identity inside and outside the community. And lesbians need to question aggressively the motives and mindset of the mainstream gay critics, instead of being easily swayed or silenced by their outdated and fearful criticism.

Lesbians need Tigress to produce more, because without them, the self-affirmation and power that comes out of autono-

(Continued on page 36)

WILD!

from Bean Blossom, Sizzling Lesbian Lifestyle Tapes! Exciting, Stimulating Videos!

Lesbian Dildo Fever: This tape is filled with steamy action...candid views of black and white women who enjoy each other. Candice Daly plays the Temptress, Tasha Voux is the "innocent." Watch Candice, the mistress, take avantage of Nicole, the little peasant girl. If you like girl/girl romance and adventure, watch it! Delightful!

★

Call Bean Blossom
for Fast, Fast, Fast delivery!
Toll-free 1-800-626-8031
Visa and Mastercharge accepted!

Lesbian Desire: (corsetted pleasures): Welcome to the Victorian Age! Amanda and Joanna dress and undress in Period Costumes, including tightly-laced corsets. Marie, the maid, joins the party and is soundly bound and disciplined by Amanda. And watch Amanda suck up to men and cruelly spurn them. Mean, vicious sexual excesses!

★

All full-length videos...VHS or Beta...59.95 each...2 for $100...All three for $140. Add all three to your video tape library. You'll enjoy these sensuous and beautiful productions again and again.!

Lesbian Dildo Bondages: Three busty blonde beauties appear in dream sequences of bondage and humiliation. A spread-eagled victim is tied and toyed with. Her sex is penetrated. The others watch and play with themselves and each other. Tongue-whipping. Tongue-stabbing. Licking. Smooching. Watch them go after it!

★

Send for Catalog $5.00
Write: Bean Blossom Ltd.
P.O. Box 484, Canal St. Station
New York, N.Y. 10013

THE SANDMUTOPIA GUARDIAN
& DUNGEON JOURNAL

The S&M Publication for men and women of all sexual orietations.

•Techniques •Safety •Psychology
•Equipment •Toys •Classified Ads

$18.00 4 issues by bulk mail (US only)
$24.00 4 issues by First Class Mail (US & Canada)
$33.00 4 issues by air printed matter, elsewhere

Desmodus, Inc.
PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101

mous lesbian sexual expression will be threatened. Hopefully, they will not be discouraged by this mistake, but provide us again with exciting lesbian erotic videos.

— Debra Ann Wills

THE LESBIAN S/M SAFETY MANUAL
edited by Pat Califia
published by Lace Publications
POB 10037, Denver, CO 80210
$7.95 plus $1.50 p/h.

It sounds like a driver instruction handbook, it looks like an obscure tome of poetry, but look inside and you'll find first aid information that has the boy scout manual beat by a mile, as well as a dollop of whipped and creamy erotica that conveys the essence of "safe sex" more effectively than all the charts and pointers in the world.

S/M women have been the most outspoken group of lesbians to discuss erotic fantasies, AIDS awareness, cruising and public sex. In addressing sexual safety and health concerns, they are right in the same line of topics that most women cross their fingers that they'll be able to mind read their way through, when what is needed is the kind of frank discussion that this collection dedicates itself to.

The highlights of the manual are significant health and safety advice, such as "S/M First Aid" by Karen Johanns, and erotica by Dorothy Allison, which speaks more eloquently about the experience of safe sex than anything else in the volume.

Johann's piece on "S/M First Aid" spells out everything you need to know to respond to a typical dungeon/bedroom emergency, be it too-tight restraints, uncalled-for bleeding, or emotional overload. It's just the facts m'am, — exactly what you need to act on when accidents happen.

Allison's short erotic stories, "Condom Sense," "Dammit," and "A Little Night Music," make all the safety Do and Don't lists come alive on a human level: passionate and compassionate, erotic and personal, characters and situations that are more timeless than whatever rubber goods they employ.

Unfortunately the anthology is weighed down by several pop-psychology pieces on the emotional values of tops and bottoms, which epitomize all the worst in a genre that dates back to Dale Carnegie's

"How to Win Friends and Influence People."

Author Diane Vera is the worst offender with a trio of articles on the nine degrees of submission, three kinds of masochism, and the piece everyone will want to cut out and paste on the refrigerator: "The Temporary Consensual Slave Contract." Vera is determined to turn every lesbian's sex life into a giant paint-by-number tableau, and god forbid you don't recognize yourself in one of her tortuous labels. Am I a "pseudo-submissive play slave," or an "uncommitted short term but more than play semi-slave?" You'll need more than two aspirin to figure it out.

The other two must-avoids are "Emotional Safety as a Bottom" and "Channels of Cum-munication, a View From the Top." Both articles specialize in the superficial comfort of such cliches as "nobody has the right to make you feel bad about what you do," and "try to be clear about what your needs are." It assumes the reader is suffering from the worst sort of feminine inferiority complex and can only be bolstered by endless repetition of positive self esteem mottos.

Clearly, the audience for this manual is a group that not only wants relevant, self-help information, but would be eager to find inspiration or philosophy which goes deeper than how to pick your safeword for the evening. In this regard, things don't seem to have changed much since *Coming To Power* days. Although the lesbian S/M scene has matured considerably in ten years, the published word doesn't match the movement's sophistication.

One of the most provocative tenets of the early lesbian S/M writings was re-defining sado-masochism on lesbian and feminist terms. It was a daring leap in sexual politics, yet it also had its defensive sectarian side which was fueled considerably by all the feminist anti-kink, sex-negative hysteria. Unfortunately in much lesbian publishing, the defensiveness and self-congratulation has become more important than the sexual discovery itself.

Lesbian S/M, in reality, found out long ago that it's one thing to reassure yourself "I'm OK you're OK," "to thine own self be true"— it's a much more complicated, sensual, and passionate route to come to those truths for yourself. The kind of imagination and gut honesty it would take to talk about those issues has never appeared in a non-fiction piece on lesbian s/m, and it's about time someone took a stab at it.

–S. Bright

FAITH *(continued from page 31)*

cover for fifteen years, and two of their friends who were tearing each other up in public in ways that disappointed lovers, not girlfriends, do. But no one, you understand, was a lesbian.

She hated the word, but she loved me. I was her freak. The genuine lesbian who ate her out even when she was on the rag, even the first time we made love. That first time, I was acting out a wet dream I'd had about her, about lying between her legs, tonguing her and looking up into her hard face, pulling her legs and ass around my shoulders. It woke me up with all the force of a wet dream: heart pounding, sweating bullets, throbbing sex. I was defenseless with her. She fucked my soul before we ever laid hands on each other.

We were friends from work. We had a lot in common. We were both white trash. Catholic school background. Same high school, in fact, although we never crossed paths there. She graduated a year ahead of me. A baby butch even then, she was basketball co-captain. I was a brain. When we met, we were in our 30s, making progress from nowhere, but not fast. Ambitious, smart, but lazy.

When she let herself go with me, she was loose with her love talk, but still stingy with her love, with no guts for trouble, a coward about feeling queer toward me, about being queer herself. If I believe her, I made her feel her cunt like nobody else, man or woman, maybe even her long-nailed self. I meant to fuck her.

She's the first person to ever make me want to wear handcuffs. And I did. I grabbed her head with my cuffed hands, after she locked them, and ran the bonds over her neck and back while she did me. I wanted to hurt her with the passion I felt.

Sometimes now I want to make her feel sorry for the way she's fucked me over. There may be no way back to the fortune cookie, because we went way beyond friends.

We got to fucking at work and in public with abandon — slapping each other, leg fucking, hard kissing. At work, for chrissakes, with her in her cop uniform, with me playing at being a professional.

We sparked each other in a hotel bathroom, in dark corners, at the beach, in parked cars, in other people's houses, under her mother's nose, in public garages. There was one time we went at it so long and with such recklessness in a garage that a car pulled up behind us and flashed its headlights. Once on a beach, with cops coming in on one side and wild boys on the other, we were in each other's pants, wiggling around on the front seat. One of the boys pulled up right next to us and called, "Hey, John?" We froze.

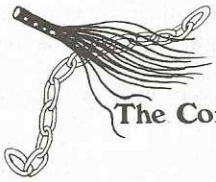
"Bug off, you bastard," she growled back, digging deep down in her throat for an appropriately raspy voice. Yeah. She handled it like the pro I know she was.

We could have been the best of friends, the wildest of lovers. But faithful? No, we never could have lived up to that fortune cookie's wisdom. She — who went down on her knees to lick me, who begged me to do her, who spread on all fours in front of me, who rode my fingers while I reamed her cunt and ass, who loved me so hard — doesn't talk to me now. She doesn't want to see me. She came out of her closet, screaming, laughing for joy, and then slammed the door in my face. I want to believe it meant something, that I meant something to her.

She was a coward. But her sex was so strong. She kissed hard and with talent. I'd push into her cunt and ass and she'd dance on my hand. We talked tough love to each other. She was wild.

But then it started going weird. Loving me meant fighting for her passing way of life with the other "girlfriend" who was crying, fighting and threatening her. For months we'd pull apart and then rush back headlong at each other. Finally there was a lull in the drama. We were sitting in her car. We were tense. At this delicate moment, she reached over and rooted in my winter clothes for some skin. She fingered my hand. The feel of her skin and her sweat slammed me. I shut my eyes and moaned. The woman had a direct line to my cunt. I wanted to undo her. To get rid of the half-ass, white trash clothes, the high-heel sneakers, to get her going with my lips on her ears, in her armpits, in the palm of her hand — get her hot and then, for payback, back off.

She beat me to it. She cut me off cold. She skinned me. I hope the thought of me bothers her, that I fuck her up. Girl, you reamed out a new way to my heart. My heart flew out the hole to you. You threw it back in my face when it got tough. I want to remember the exhilaration I felt with you, the mainline pleasure. I'm not sure I'll ever get it as good again. I'll probably look for someone like you, or even for you, for a long time. Maybe a better dresser, with good teeth, quicker — someone who could up me. Unlike you, you lying, half-ass, cowardly player. I miss you. I miss your company. I miss your fuck. I miss believing in you. You should have kept your faith. Δ



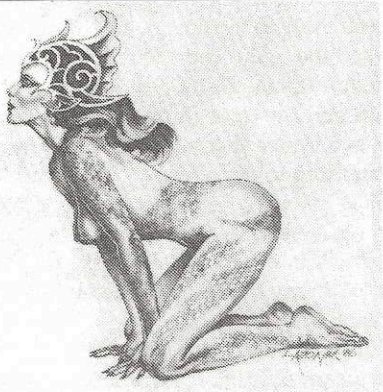
SPARTACUS ENTERPRISES

The Complete Leather and Adult Toy Store

CUSTOM LEATHER DESIGNS BY:
S. M. Huber

- RESTRAINT SYSTEMS
- WHIPS, CROPS & PADDLES
- LARGEST SELECTION of TIT CLAMPS in the U.S.
- COCKRINGS

for a catalogue send $2.00 with your name and address to:
Spartacus Enterprises
300 SW 12th Street
Portland, OR 97205
(503) 224-2604



TATTOO ARTISTRY

Fusion of modern and primitive
interpreting your vision

Vyvyn Lazonga
206 662-1535
415 552-3919

AU NATUREL!

CALIFORNIA'S NUDE BEACHES

THE CLOTHES-FREE HASSLE-FREE GUIDE

"... the most accurate and most current book of its kind ..."
— Ron Burich, Executive Director Naturist Society

- ★ **Over 60 locales reviewed, including maps & directions**
- ★ **More than 80 stunning nude photos**
- ★ **Nude photography tips — from an expert!**
- ★ **Info on clubs and community resources**

ORDER TODAY! Only $10.45 postage paid (for RUSH orders add $2.00 – Calif. residents add $.63 sales tax) to **Bold Type, Inc., P.O. Box 1984, Berkeley, CA 94701.** (Checks or M.O. only. No cash.)

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____ *State:* ____ *Zip:* _____

(print clearly – allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery)

CELIA & THE BED *(cont'd from page 18)*

bare legs.

She lifted the razor-sharp toe of her left shoe toward his face. "Senorita," she hissed between clenched teeth. The man jerked up. Celia slipped off her gloves with the slow grace of a lover's licking tongue, her eyes already darting hungrily around the store.

"Ah, yes." A *tough* mujer, he assessed. He shifted into a tone of frigid professionalism. "How may I help the *senorita*?"

"I am in search of the bed," Celia replied in English.

The salesman smiled condescendingly. His bedding shop was a favorite of teeming Americans leaving the rigid United States in search of the "exotic, magical Mexico" that the tourist packages promised. So, he had a reasonable command of English, though he was too intelligent to let *them* know that. They preferred his faked attempts, which limped along like a bumpkin trying to stroll in Givenchy shoes.

But this woman was surely no North American. She was as dark as he. No...darker. Her ancestry burst through her honey-brown skin and radiated a simple, honest beauty which North Americans seeking the "exotic" could never achieve, no matter how many days they basked pig-like in Mexico's sun, drinking margaritas and sloshing on expensive tanning oils.

She's no better than me, he thought angrily. Then, with a curt nod, he corrected her. "You don't mean you are searching for *the* bed, senorita, but for *a* bed."

"Perdoname?" she panted, dragged out of her visual orgy. Her yearning eyes had already swept over the lesser, more popular beds. She was about to give up when she honed in on a deceptively humble model tucked around a corner. Then she realized he had spoken. "Repite, por favor," she begged, placing her right hand over her thudding heart. "What did you say?"

The salesman drew himself up taller and repeated, "You mean that you are looking for *a* bed, not *the* bed."

Celia dismissed him with a flip of her wrist. Her eyes stripped the partially hidden bed of its deep, soft covering. "No, I know exactly what I mean, hombre," she told him. "Yo quiero *the* bed. I will know her when I see her." This must be her, she prayed, as her nipples tightened and pushed out against her silk scarlet shirt. It called her like a demanding lover, long lost, but never forgotten.

The man shook his head despairingly. "¡Que pendeja! Some people! Try and teach them something, and what gracias did you get?! The doorbell chimed *La Cucaracha* as some other customers, Americanos, entered the shop.

"Go ahead," he murmered to Celia over his shoulder as he rushed up to the Americans. "Look around. My assistant will be with you en un minuto."

"Good afternoon, sir and ladies," he fumbled falsely.

The foremost Americana positively glowed at the salesman's cute attempt at English. She simpered aloud, "Ah, Mexico!" She clasped her drooping arms around her peeling breasts and smiled. "Where else can you get such good service? And such *goods* ?" she asked, looking knowingly at her friends.

The salesman hid his grimace, then continued with his pitch. They were, after all, gringos. "Should you like to see my most popular bedding pieces?" he asked, showing all his well formed teeth. "Adapted from the ancient mayan culture which was ruling the country centuries ago." The white Americans' eyes lit up. Doglike, they followed the salesman.

The conversation drifted to Celia like underwater murmurings in a bad dream. Slowly, mesmerized, she meandered through the shop, drifting through the maze of unclaimed beds toward *her* bed, *the* bed. It called—no, it demanded—her to share herself with it. The engrossed salesman didn't cast so much as a glance at her.

She took each step slowly, trying desperately to ward off the hunger that propelled her. The bed sprawled before her like a insatiable lover who'd trap her in a deceptively soft grip and love her 'til she screamed. It was *her* bed, all right. It called to her as had no other in a long, long time.

But she had to resist it as long as she could. Prolong the mounting ecstasy until it leapt from her insides and threw her moaning onto the covers. She stopped at a more popular model, fringed in red velveteen, mirrors stationed above it, watching down like a god's huge eye. She inhaled and closed her eyes. The smell of fresh cloth, untainted by that unmistakable odor of loving, filled her quivering nostrils. She pulled in deeply, the silk shirt softly caressing her hard, tender nipples.

She caught her breath in ragged gasps as her flesh strained against the top button. Her long nails scratched as they dug into the headboard. She squeezed her thighs together to lock in the delicious ache demanding her to go to *her* bed.

Celia stole a glance at the salesman still trying to coax his Americans into a sale. She clamped her teeth over her lower lip and bit down. Hard. She pinched her right nipple. Soon, her brain crooned, apurate. I can't wait much longer. And her pussy gave a responding twinge.

More Americans entered the store, and she overheard the salesman apologize, "I'll be with you in some seconds, please. I am sorry, but my help is not in yet. She will soon be here." And, to underscore his apology, he popped in a Flora Purim tape. Americans loved her, and many thought she was Mexican. After all, weren't they all the same?

As the music pulsed against the store walls and bounced back into the room, Celia smiled. Reverently, she placed a hand on another bed and gasped when she felt the music's vibrations running legato through the fabric. She walked on, putting one foot carefully ahead of the other, sliding her hips in sync with the music to catch the best of her pussy's movements.

Breathing heavily, she turned the corner that half-hid her bed from the rest of the store. Still trembling, Celia moved toward it. Finally, it lay three feet from her, begging her to jump on top, to bury her screams and juices in its virginal self.

Feigning indifference, she turned and leaned over the flamboyant bed to the right. Her left leg brushed against her bed as she bent over the other and burried her face in the covers. I can wait no longer, her brain and pussy screamed. But she held on to patience as she ran both hands over the bed's every inch. Flora and Airto shouted and murmured wordless fucking noises from the cassete, and she added her own to it.

Her breasts echoed the desire rising from her pussy and her very center, like the heat from her own Pelenque earth. She turned slowly toward the bed she wanted. The music cascaded over her like a mountain stream gone mad, spilling over the the ground and flooding the parched earth. The music intensified in pitch until all was her, sound, and the bed.

Oblivious, she kicked off her shoes and wriggled the tight black skirt over her hips like a gorged boa climbing out of its skin. She stood naked before the bed, revelling in its simple yet voluptuous design. The ache consumed her—her entire body was ashiver. She offered herself to the bed like a virgin to the gods: naked, hungry, trusting. She squeezed her eyes tight as she mounted the matress.

WE PUBLISH NOT ONE, BUT TWO OF THE MOST IMPORTANT GAY PUBLICATIONS IN AMERICA!

That New Magazine, Inc., P.O. Box 1475, Church St. Sta., NY, NY 10008

$69 for 12 issues of CHRISTOPHER STREET and 1 year of NEW YORK NATIVE. ($94 outside USA)
$27 for 12 issues of CHRISTOPHER STREET only. ($37 outside USA)
$49 for 1 year of NEW YORK NATIVE only. ($74 outside USA)
$29 for 6 months of the NEW YORK NATIVE only. ($42 outside USA)
Check or Money Order enclosed. USA funds only. VISA Mastercard

Account #

Exp. Date Signature

Name

Address

City/State/Zip

Please don't make my name available for mailings

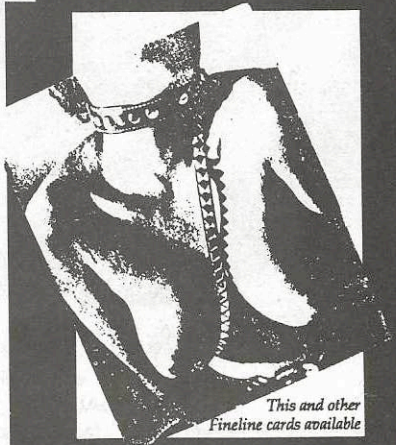
Please allow 8 to 10 weeks for delivery of first issues.

Fallen Angels

Your One Stop Gay Store

All Leather
DILDO HARNESSES
24.95
plus $5 shipping

EVERYTHING IN OUR STORE CAN BE BOUGHT MAIL ORDER



3045 N. Federal Hwy
Store 98 Coral Center
Fort Lauderdale, FL 33301
(305) 563-5230

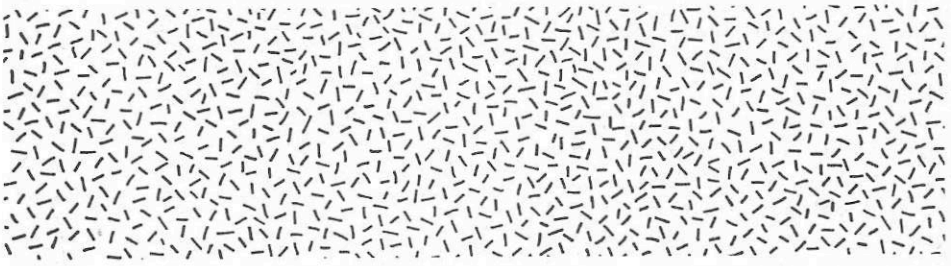
FESTIVAL '90
WOMEN'S MOTORCYCLE

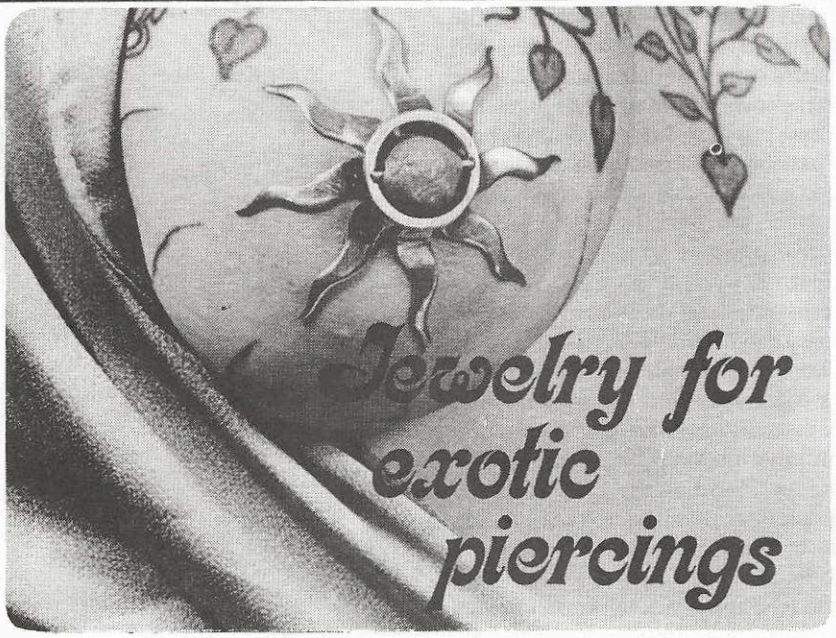
THE EVENT
August, 1990

THE NEWSLETTER
Chrome Rose's Review

THE VIDEO
Women's Motorcycle Festival '88
$39.95

Write: 7 Lent Avenue, LeRoy, N.Y. (716) 768-6054





GAUNTLET offers safe stainless and gold jewelry especially designed for body piercings. ONLY GAUNTLET publishes a unique magazine for piercing fans. Send $10 for catalog and sample magazine.

GAUNTLET
8720 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069
Phone (213) 657-6677

The fingers of the left hand carssed her tongue, then painted hieroglyphics on her taut breasts. She squeezed her nipples and moaned furiously, her smooth brown skin sinking onto the down and silk covers. As her right hand snatched off the top cover, her left found her slick pussy. She sighed and pulled the silk sheet up between her thighs. Purim's voice and Airto's drums dragged her back to the forest.

She spread her legs farther, dripping pussy juice onto the covers. She growled. Waving her ass high, Celia ripped off the sheets, then she sank her nose, teeth, and body into the body of the bed. She rolled over and sucked in the smell of her hair and the naked bed.

"Buenas tarde, senorita," a contralto whispered, seemingly from the music.

Celia's eyes shot open. In front of her was a wide-spread pair of dark, beautifully curved and strong legs. Her eyes traveled up to rest on a tight hugging red skirt, and the woman's inviting Mound of Venus underneath. Her eyes darted up to the interloper's face, which sneered down, disdainful yet understanding.

"¿Que en el mundo can I do for you?" the woman asked. She smiled wickedly, and Celia's already brown face turned darker as blood rushed upwards from her pussy. She clasped her sweaty, juice-soaked legs and pulled the sheets over her naked body. Struggling for some tidbit of control, she looked imperiously at the woman standing before her. "Are you the help?" she asked.

Slowly the woman pulled her fingers through her curly black hair. "I guess you could call me that. O lo que tu quieras," she said. Her long face murmured of Dahomey and Maya, and she flashed her impossibly white teeth at the woman on the bed. "Can I help *you* ?"

"No," Celia said, despite the tremor which ran through her body. "You cannot help me, hermana."

Oblivious to anything but the Americanos, the salesman's voice boomed to the rear of the store. "¡Marta! Ven pa'ca y ayudame. Hay Americanos aqui, y esa mujer," he said, indicating Celia, "no tiene nada para nosotros. ¡Ven aca ahora!"

"Ayy," the woman moaned as she headed for the front of the store. But she *does* have something for *me* , hombre. For you, no. But for me, si. Still, she waited on the Americans.

Celia quickly forgot about the simpering salesman, his delightfully arrogant helper, and even the Americans. She didn't overhear the man's joy when the Americans left him with a traveler's check to cover the inflated price of the bed they'd

bought. She didn't hear the helper's sarcastic contralto faking happiness for him. Didn't hear the salesman leave the shop in his assistant's hands, promising to return after siesta. Didn't hear the woman lock the door behind him. Didn't hear her crank up the music. Didn't hear her stride to where she, Celia, was. But she did hear her say, *"Now* I can help you, senorita," as she looked down hungrily at Celia still writhing on the bed.

She shucked off her clothes as Celia moaned, between gasps, "¡No! No es posible. No te quiero! Solo yo! The bed es mia."

"But who do you think brought it here for you?" the woman asked, and, despite her own absorption, Celia found herself rolling onto her back, legs and pussy open wide for the stranger. "Si, es la cama y yo soy la camarera," her now-naked helper said.

She put one foot on the bed and slid a hand down Celia's torso. Then she lay on top of her and kissed her deeply. Rivers opened in Celia's veins; oceans flowed between them. They streamed together, Ochun finding Yemaya. Then, the woman put her finger into Celia's mouth.

"Ayy, cielo," Celia cried as the woman flowed down her thighs. She grabbed her helper with both hands as that wide, wide mouth and sinuous tongue danced over and around her clit. The woman moaned delectably and rotated her supple body around until her pussy was an irresitible oyster, wet and pulsing, taunting Celia's hunger. Celia wrapped her arms around the woman's thighs and ass and pulled herself up. Starving, she buried her face in the woman's sex.

But the searing passion was too much for Celia. Her body jerked over to present her small, puckering anus. The woman sniffed, then slowly licked the opening. Celia moaned, then buckled, as one slim finger slid into her. "Ayyy! ¡Mi cama! ¡Mi camarera!" she yelled, coming all over her bed and her woman.

Dressing shakily, Celia smiled lazily at the woman sprawled on the bed. "And when can I see you again?" she asked.

The helper grinned omnisciently, then licked her fingers. "You never know," she said. "Quizas manana. Maybe never again."

Celia looked at her, already wistful. She smeared the love juices across her face and through her wild hair. Then she picked up her things and headed for the door. In her Benz, she started the engine and pointed towards home. The next bedding shop could wait. At least until tomorrow. Δ

SEXPOINT *(continued from page 11)*

up outside the appropriate door, just behind 55, 56 and 57. I can't believe how stoic we all are. I'm even more amazed that no one is running down the hall screaming "No! No! Not me!" People's faces are a mask as they leave the room; watching them, I cannot tell what they've heard.

Finally, I turn to 59 and break the ice: "I can't believe how calm everyone seems." He responds instantly: "it's all a front, but what else can we do?" "This is driving me crazy," I confess, "The longer I wait, the more I regret being tested." "No," he shakes his head firmly, "It's better to know." I'm surprised at the depth of his conviction, and wonder if he'll still feel it when he leaves. Then 59 is called, and my pulse is pounding in my throat. All of my senses have intensified. If I'm positive, what am I going to do?

Number 59 walks by, his face a mask like the others, and I enter the room on automatic pilot. The social worker reads my number, checks her list, hands me an envelope and waits. She doesn't ask if there's anything I want to say. I could leave with the envelope unopened if I want. And the winner is....

I rip open the flap, read "no seriologic evidence of antibody to HIV, "and exhale.

"It looks like you were pretty nervous," she observes quietly.

A need for at least limited confession sweeps over me. "Well, there was this time last year," I explain. "It was during her period so there was blood, but it was outgoing blood." I gesture helplessly. "I don't know how dangerous that is."

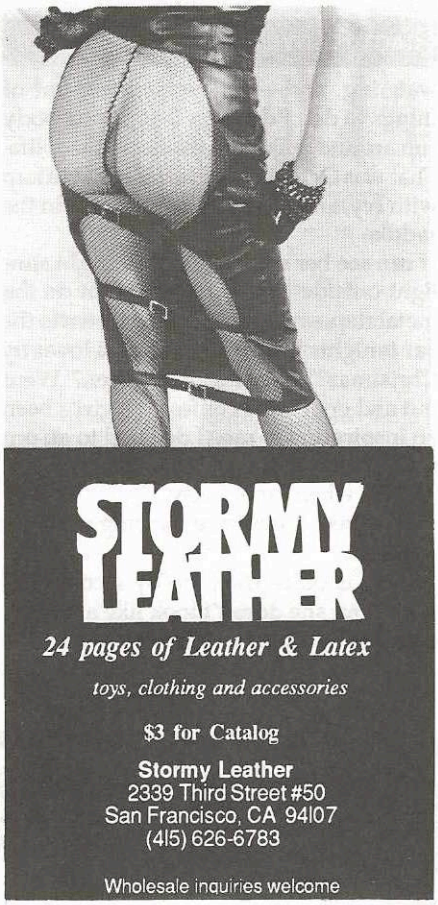
"There's always a chance some blood could be reabsorbed," she agrees. Then, more comforting: "Well, you don't have to worry about it now."

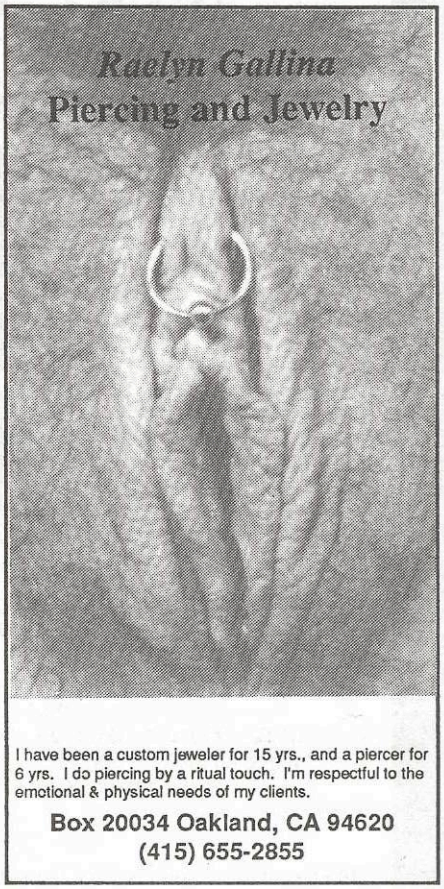
I ask a few more questions, mostly so I can calm down enough to leave. I do not envy her job, handing out these envelopes and coping with the reactions.

On my way to the exit, I pass my friend, waiting to have her blood drawn. "I'm negative," I volunteer happily, knowing full well that if I'd been positive, I wouldn't have said a word.

"I hope we all are," the man next to her responds, quietly but with great feeling. He has spoken the appropriate prayer for the 80s. And like most prayers, this one has little chance of fulfillment.

I still have the little paper with my test results; you can see it if you'd like. It says that as of October, 1987, I have no reason to believe that I am about to die. Δ




Raelyn Gallina
Piercing and Jewelry
I have been a custom jeweler for 15 yrs., and a piercer for 6 yrs. I do piercing by a ritual touch. I'm respectful to the emotional & physical needs of my clients.
Box 20034 Oakland, CA 94620
(415) 655-2855

CACTUS LOVE *(continued from page 28)*

watering, and—well, soon I ran out of things to do. I'd watch that young body run around, enjoying the heck out of life. That was October, right after her breakup with Ivy, and already she was back in the saddle.

I can see her standing in the bright sunlight outside my trailer, one foot on the metal step, saying, "I'm going down to the bar tonight. Want to bet I find a lover by Christmas?" What'd she do then? Went out and got one. I confess the girl's been an inspiration to me. I decided to go out and get one, too.

That's when I met Patsy.

Whoopee! I feel like dancing with my cactuses.

Patsy is older than me by a couple of years, but she doesn't look like anyone's cute little grandma. Van called her The Matriarch, from the way the young ones at the bar would chew her ear.

I watched Patsy.

I liked looking at her, sitting straight as a ruler's edge at the bar. She's part Irish, part Zuni Indian, tall, but very skinny. Her bones are so broad and strong-looking you'd think she was some desert wild thing. Maybe that's what put me off at first. I'd always been one for younger, femmier types. But Patsy, she's beyond all that. She's not butch, not femme. She's no garden variety female at all. She's a monument. I could listen to her talk about her life all night....

But it wasn't listening I did that first night.

She had about as much stomach as I did for that smokey, loud joint with its watered down country jukebox. She always left around 11:00, just before it got real loud and wild. I'd decided after the first few times I saw her that I wanted at least to talk to her. The next time I went to the bar, I dithered and dithered. Before I knew it, it's 11:00 and she's leaving and I can't think of a thing to say to her anywhere as good as "Would you like to dance?" I'd missed my chance. So I let it go another week.

But you know, she started coming into my head a lot that week. When I was in bed at night I'd imagine her, with that long, strong body next to me on the white sheets. I imagined the life story she'd tell. And I imagined her hands on me. I'd noticed them when I was next to her at the bar ordering drinks. The beginnings of arthritis: a little stiffness, knobbiness. Still, you got the feeling that it wouldn't stop her. I could feel the seasoned fingers on my hip, on the other parts of me that were never this cushiony for my earlier girlfriends. I kind of just ran her through my head, to see if I'd like it, or if I only wanted her because we were close in age. I'd get wiggly at the thought of Patsy's touch. Not many women can seep into my head like she did, in the dark.

So the next Saturday night, I asked her to dance. She looked down at me and said nothing, nothing at all. But there was a little smile that puckered the corner of her mouth. And those brown eyes like polished jasper looked like they were laughing. Then she swept me out onto the dance floor. Swept me out there and danced me around those young couples like she'd put me on wheels. I never felt so light on my feet. That darned woman took my breath away. I never wanted the dance to end.

I asked her back to our table. Van was sweet-talking her lover-to-be, so they didn't pay us much attention. Luckily, it had taken me 'til 10:30 to buttonhole Patsy. By this time it was getting on toward 11pm. I told her about my business, asked her if she'd ever seen a cactus ranch by moonlight.

"Well, no," she said, laughing. "I can't say that I have, or ever heard such a barefaced line."

It turned out she lived near the bar and didn't have a vehicle. I drove her out in Pickup Nellie, my old white Chevy. We parked behind one of the hothouses. Wonder of wonders, there was a moon shining down. Not quite full, but full enough. The moon looked like it was pounding up there, in time to my heart. The night was pretty darned hot for November.

We walked out on the desert a ways, without flashlights. She was wordless,

SAN FRANCISCO PREMIERE

Tigress PRESENTS

"HAY-FEVER"

An Erotic Cowgirl Comedy

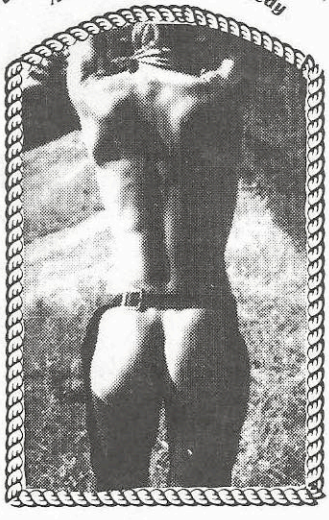
Will Nina be able to escape the bonds of Jealous Jasmin to surrender into the loving arms of Mary?

What happens when 38 dykes all come together for Round-up?

Will wicked Gulli succeed in keeping her unsuspecting sister Gert from getting to round-up in time to collect the inheritance?

What's Nancy doing up in that tree anyway?

Get ready for the time of your life. Grab your partner, saddle up, and ride off into the rising sunset of HAY-FEVER!



YA HOO!

Don't Miss It!

EXCITEMENT

Razzle Dazzle Bodies in the Bawdy Old West!

PRIZES

FUN

Meet the Producers

FREE POPCORN

Ticket Price Applicable Toward Purchase of "HAY-FEVER" or *EROTIC IN NATURE*

The FIRST Feature Length X Rated Lesbian Video Made By & For Women!!

PLACE: VICTORIA THEATRE 2961 16th (& Mission) S.F.
DATE: FRIDAY, APRIL 28, 1989
TIMES: 7:00 & 10:00 PM
DRESS: WEAR YOUR DUDS
DONATION: $10.00

INFO: (707) 575-1937

TICKETS AVAILABLE AT BASS Outlets The Door
By Mail:
Send MONEY ORDER plus SASE To:
DIAMOND ENTERPRISES
P.O. Box 7585 - Santa Rosa, CA 95407

For Information about "HAY-FEVER" and other fine lesbian videos send SASE to:
TIGER ROSE DISTRIBUTING
P.O. Box 609 - Cotati, CA 94928

This Event Co/Produced By Tigress Productions & Diamond Enterprises

quiet-moving. I was just enjoying the company, come what may. Big patches of yellow desert broom like earth moons glowed at our feet. We didn't go too far so as not to disturb any critters.

On the way back, she took my hand. I thought I'd melt right there at her feet, like some little teenaged person.

"You want to come in?" I asked when we reached my trailer house.

"I didn't come all this way to turn around now," she replied, her teeth white against that sunburnt-looking skin. There was a dog tooth missing. I thought of her moist tongue seeking out the empty spot, all around inside her mouth. Holy Toledo, I know I'm a goner when ideas like that creep up on me.

Patsy squints when she talks, like she's measuring you. "I've been noticing you at the bar," she said, over some iced coffee I threw together. "You're not my type at all."

I had to grin. "You're not my type either."

She nodded. "If there's one thing I have learned in my life, it's that you have to take things as they come. It doesn't do to fight your spirit, it always gets its way. If it wants to go changing my taste in women at the ripe old age of 69, well then, I'm ready."

"Same here." I said. "I never wanted another girlfriend. All that heartache. But—" and I told her about Van's coming, and about the blood that got stirred up in my veins. "I could take the lonesomes," I told her, "'til I started wanting again."

"I hear you. I sit in my little cementblock apartment and tell myself I'll stay home with the cat, read a good book, watch the TV. I don't need that bar. It's not the liquor that draws me; half the time I order milk, trying to put some flesh on these bones." She lifted her arm like I could see the scrawniness under her striped jersey. "Maybe I feel useful there. The kids come and pour their hearts out to me. Sometimes they think they want to get me into bed, but, to tell the truth, their energy drives me up the wall. I'd never get any peace."

She paused, and set down her glass. "I'm thinking, little Windy Sands, maybe I could stand a change of pace."

I told you the lady was big. Those arms were long. She reached clear across my narrow table top. Now her eyes were like some wise bird's looking into mine for, I don't know what, for some sort of sign, I suppose. Then she kissed me, a little shakey, from that distance, her hands kneeding my shoulders. And I kissed her back, giving her everything I had to let her know it wasn't just the kids who wanted her.

I stood. Led her to the bedroom, still with her hands on my shoulders, like she couldn't find her way without me.

"I guess we both know what comes next." I said, laughing. "But I'll keep the light out if you don't mind."

"Why, because you've got an old body?" she asked. "Hell, it's not even as old as mine!"

"Yeah, but you're slender as the needles on a pinyon pine."

"I'm skinny, you mean. And I have scars."

She switched the light on. I saw the scars. An artery taken out of her leg for heart trouble. Gut trouble where she'd been sliced open a couple of times. That took my mind off me: I was whole, even with this body round and pale as another earth moon.

We lay full against each other, like we were hungry. Like we were on fire and by pressing ourselves together we could put it out.

We held like that. We held like that for a long time. It felt so good, but it didn't put out m'y fire. The longer we held, the hotter I felt. I wondered if the same thing was happening to Patsy, but I knew I wouldnt find out 'til I reached between her legs, and it was too soon for that, old hands at this stuff or not.

After a while I started rubbing against her and rubbing against her, just the way we were, pressed together. She kissed me again, and I smelled the iced coffee and felt her sweat and the heat of our bodies in the trailer's hot air. Her skin felt slick, and marked like the moon. We kissed and pressed into each other. Then, swift as a crafty old rock dweller looking for shade, she wriggled her arm between us. Oh, she found out I was raring to go. I heard her exhale. I don't know for sure that she was excited before then, but hot-ziggety if that didn't do it for her.

She took her lips from mine and started kissing and licking my neck and my face, her tongue in my ear, in my mouth. I rode the heel of her hand like she was some fine horse taking me out across the desert under the blue blue Arizona sky, taking me up a mountainside, green and lush like it gets over the east end of Tuscon. We rode so fast I could hear the leaves stir from our passage until the sound of a rushing waterfall began to grow. She stopped so I could see, so I could feel, so I *was* that water falling from the mountain. Falling down and down and down and—

Think of Us

For that "Special Occasion", or for strictly business . . .

- *Panoramic views of the City*
- *Hot tub and sun deck*
- *Luxury limousine service*
- *Suite available for private parties*
- *Candlelight gourmet dinners served in the elegance of our dining room or the intimacy of your boudoir*
- *Conference room and secretarial services available*
- *First class accommodations for the woman travelling on business or pleasure*

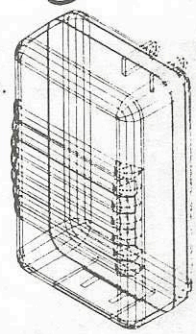
The Gantry
Bed & Breakfast

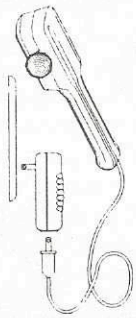
637 Steiner St.
San Francisco,
CA 94117
415/863-0538

for your pleasure...

humdinger™

makes your massager hum and throb for an exciting new sensation.





just plug in and turn on!

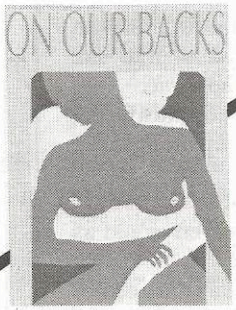
order yours today!
humdinger massager modulator $29.95
two-speed massager kit $29.95

Send check or money order to:
RESPONSE TECHNOLOGIES
2550 Shattuck Avenue #75A
Berkeley, California 94704

PROMPT REFUND IF NOT SATISFIED
Distributor inquiries invited

ON OUR BACKS, FALL 1986

Cunt Photos to Die For
by Tee Corinne
Merrill Mushroom
Meese Report on Porn
Feminist Bookstore Censors



$5
526 Castro
San Fran, CA 94114

BB What's New From BANNED BOOKS? BB

Ripening, by Valerie Taylor, $8.95
These Lovers Fled Away, by Morgan Graham, $8.95
Profiles Encourage, by Pamela S. Johnson, $8.95
Like Coming Home: Coming-Out Letters, edited by Meg Umans, $7.95

☞ **Don't Forget These Favorites** ☜

Dreams of the Woman Who Loved Sex, by Tee Corinne, $7.95
Skiptrace, by Antoinette Azolakov, $8.95
Cass and the Stone Butch, by Antoinette Azolakov, $8.95
Death Strip, by Benita Kirkland, $8.95

Check with your favorite bookseller for these and other new titles or send your name and address to be added to our mailing list for a complete catalog and future announcements. If ordering directly from us, add $1.50 (minimum) postage and handling for one book or 10% of order total for more than one book ($3.00 maximum).

BANNED BOOKS Dept. OUBW, Number 231, P.O. Box 33280, Austin, Texas 78764

THE CRYPT

FOR THE PLEASURE ORIENTED

1310 UNION ST.
SEATTLE, WA 98122
(206) 325-3882

2222 BROADWAY
DENVER, CO 80205
(303) 292-4040

4094 30TH ST.
SAN DIEGO, CA 92104
(619) 231-0374

Ten years of bottled up pleasure. Everything spilled out of me.

What I said, after that, was, "I'm too darned exhausted to turn over. Can we talk for a while?"

"Sure thing, Windy, if you have the breath to talk. Was that too much for you?"

"Not enough," I panted, "not hardly enough Patsy."

It was the first time I heard that laugh of hers. The mysterious-sounding, low, back of the throat laugh that reminds me of Frank Sinatra singing about "come hither looks" in my younger days.

She began then, telling me about the places she was raised in New Mexico. I tried to listen, but sleep glided over me like a red-tailed hawk onto a tasty pocket gopher.

I was out long enough for the moon to follow us to my bedroom, right inside the trailer window. Patsy fell asleep, too.

Oh, the moonlight on that body. Patsy was less than slender, she was as boney as an ancient saguaro turned brown and ribby. Hips, shoulders, rib cage and all made her like a cradle I just fit into. My hand waltzed over the juts and hollows of her. I felt weak—from exertion? Lust? Maybe all I needed was a little snack.

No, I couldn't leave the sight before me, the white moonlight on the deep-toned body. She was handsome as all get out.

It didn't take long until one of my caresses woke her. She opened her eyes and groaned for me. I plunged in, wondering if she'd ever had babies, she was so big. Plunged in one finger, then two, then a third. She made herself smaller around me. I was too short to reach up and kiss her. I stroked harder, deeper, softer, slower, quicker. She brought her hands flat across my shoulders and drummed and drummed and drummed as she came.

"If I smoked," she said after a while, "I'd say that calls for a cigarette."

"Cigarette nothing, a ten-gun salute!"

We settled for my snack.

She sat up all grins, like a little kid going to a party. We padded to the kitchen bare-assed, dragged every darn thing out of that icebox we could find and had ourselves a feast.

Patsy didn't stop beaming the entire meal.

What am I talking about? Looking at the gap in her teeth, the mussed grey hair, at those brown eyes like mirrors full of desert roads and pickup trucks, honkey tonk bars and jukebox-dancing women, full of 69 years of love and disappointment and love again, ah, jeez, I knew I'd found somebody who was going to make all the mess and bother of love worthwhile. Δ

WANTED. . .(continued from page 22)

• I have kept in touch with one person. She moved from Pennsylvania to New York and now she hangs out with me and my lover. We are best friends.

• I haven't checked my PO Box in about a month and a half, so who knows, maybe she's written me. I'm going to check it, and if she hasn't, I think I'll drop her a line and ask her if she wants to try again. I do!

Did placing this ad have any profound affect on your life or was it simply a passing amusement?

65%	**Profound effect**
31%	**No, or small effect**

Breakdown:

31%	**found the sex or relationship they were looking for**
29%	**learned something important about themselves**
17%	**no real impact**
14%	**passing amusement**
5%	**found friendship**

Few went into the personal ad adventure expecting big results, but that's what many found. Fifty-five percent felt that they learned something important about themselves or found the lover they were looking for. Even the 31% who placed the ad for fun made comments to the effect of having their consciousness tweaked, or gained some insights into the personal ad market.

• Placing my ad was not just a passing fancy. It has brought me out in the open with my true sexual feelings.

• The effect of my ad on me has been that I realize I prefer more than one partner and a variety of erotic stimulations.

• I knew there must be women like myself out there somewhere, but I didn't know how to contact them.

• Very enriching—finally met the kind of submissive femmes (intelligent and attractive) I've always desired.

• It had a real great effect on my love life as a lesbian. I'm in love now—I hope!

• The excitement of being dominated by a white woman was far more meaningful than I had ever imagined it would be. The folds of pink and white skin swallowing me up, the feeling of being helpless at the hands of other women is extremely exciting and causes me to have orgasms. What was surprising is I now see that both Mexican and smaller women like myself can have a very pleasant effect on me, something I did not feel when I first ran the ad.

• I met my best friend.

• I must say that the ad was a passing amusement—and it passed way too fast!

• We had a lot of fun together and have the March memories (we met in D.C. for the weekend of the March). She was different from other women or people I have known and because of that she gave me insight. She was young and her father is very wealthy. She is a "rich bitch" and I liked her all the more for it. I got to see her world for a while and I saw firsthand that it isn't all fun and carefree. I wouldn't trade her problems for mine if I were offered all of her daddy's money. No thanks.

• We sure learned that there are a lot of diverse, differently interested people out there. My voyeur side can be insatiable. I enjoy the power of evoking response in another woman with words. My ad was the longest "foreplay" in my history. The time between placing the ad and seeing response was thrilling. Drawing out the climax for a screaming few months was incredible. And it's still going on...they say you have to get wet for the sex to be good; not so?

• No profound effect—but it made me think.

This survey sure made us think ! We discovered lesbian sexual lives were incredibly diverse and active, just plain wild, in fact. We learned a lot more about what ***On Our Backs*** *readers count on us for, such as outreach and relationship connections, as well as education. It was one the most powerful recognitions we've ever witnessed of the necessity for an erotic lesbian media and network. A hearty thank you to all the women who responded so frankly to our survey!*

We want to continue to collect experiences from On Our Backs personal advertisers. We have new questions in addition to the old ones that we hope will reveal even more about your sexuality and interests. Send us a SASE, and we'll send you the questionnaire. See page 46 if you have never placed a personal before. If you complete the survey, we will give you a special free offer on running personal ads. Write us! Δ

FANTASIES (continued from page 13)

for her labia. Her hips rise to meet me and she shudders when my teeth nip gently at her clitoris. Eyes shut , my tongue slides and sucks. She lays still for an eternity, savoring my touch, allowing me no rest as the tension builds within her. Shadows fill the room. I have no sense of time, only knowing the stroke of my tongue and the taste of her sweet, tender flesh. She presses her clitoris deep into my mouth, signalling me.

I slide slowly downward, until finally I sip at her vaginal well. She cries out as I lap, words I can't really hear with my ears pressed between her thighs. I feel the goosebumps that have risen there. She shudders again, and her legs squeeze briefly around my head, reminding me even now of her power over me. My tongue probes deeply within her. She grasps my hair and rubs my face in her flesh, smearing her juices in my hair, on my lips, across my closed eyes. I am her tissue.

"Your ass. Raise it so I can see," she says in a whisper that is more like a command.

I tremble at this, and, never allowing my tongue to leave her, I swivel myself, so that I straddle her.

She never touches me, except to spread me wider.

"Arch up," she says sternly in just that tone I crave. I spread myself so wide that all of my flesh is open to her slightest glance.

She will not touch me, not with her hands or tongue, but her mere scrutiny thrills me.

My tongue nuzzles her cunt, and flicks in and out, over and over again. My nose probes her area beyond, and finally, finally she climaxes, crying out again.

Her warm breath caresses me and I, too, buckle with my own orgasm. I am allowed to collapse beside her, eyes tightly shut, and when her breathing slows she leans over, nibbling at my nipples, instantly drawing tears to my eyes. She continues until she is satisfied that they are sufficiently raw and misshapen, until my cries are completely ineffective and I am beyond begging her to cease.

"Leave me alone now," she says, fingering my tears. She binds my wrists at my buttocks and I thank her profusely. I kiss her feet, then retreat to the corner she has given me. I kneel, buttocks raised, nipples and face touching the door.

Perhaps later I will sleep. Now I will dream of how I may please her later, this mistress to whom I belong. Δ

CONTRIBUTORS

Honey Lee Cottrell's model for Lee Lynch's short story is **Sami** who has lived in the Bay Area for thirty years and is well known in the women's community. She is recently retired and has a bed and breakfast in her home in the Haight. She is a navy veteran and has traveled about most of the world as a Peace Corps volunteer, tourist or sailor. **Arica Wells** is thirty-five and works as a computer programmer. She has enjoyed writing erotica for many years but has only recently started to share her writing with others. **Karen Mendelsohn** writes S/M erotica under the name of "Karen M" to avoid having crosses burned on her lawn. After a long day she relaxes by tying submissives to her bed. **Home Girl** wrote "Faith" as a swan song to a dream lover who turned out to be a nightmare. **J.C. Collins** is the photographer of the 1989 **Leatherwomen Calendar**, and the group photographer for the famous **Sluts for Hell**, a Settle based female /female impersonator do-wop singing group. You may think that's unheard of, but these butches in drag are being flown as we speak to do the **Gong Show** in Los Angeles. J.C. has newly relocated to San Francisco where she continues her work of sexually political portraits. **Della Disgrace** is originally from California's central coast. She came out in San Francisco in 1979 and has been involved with lesbians, sex and photography ever since. Now living in London, she sends "love bites" to long lost lezzies. **Katherine Enos** is a San Francisco film maker and still photographer who is looking for new models, particularly those with body piercing. **Jane Bond** is a San Francisco photojournalist. **Kathy Petrere** is the Indianapolis winner of our 1989 Lesbian Erotic Photography contest featured in our last Winter issue. **Anna Marie Smith** is a Canadian former **Body Politic** journalist now studying in London, England. Astute readers may recognize Anna Marie's style, which originally appeared in *On Our Backs* as part of a collaboration know as the **Flying Femmes. Winn Gilmore** is an Alabama born, Latin America-inclined, but now living in Oakland where she works as a writer, contributing editor to **Sinister Wisdom** and after her karate class on some evenings (black belt, if you please) she shows up sweat-soaked to our offices to impart a bit of editorial consulting to our editor. Thanks, Winn. **Lee Lynch** is the popular Naiad Press author of **Old Dyke Tales, The Swashbuckler,** and many other lesbian novels and short story collections. Her nationally syndicated gay news column, **The Amazon Trail,** has recently been compiled in a best-of anthology. **Lesley Kushner** left Washington DC, ("too conservative") to live and work as a photographer and graphic designer in San Francisco. Her studio is **O'No Design. Evans/Brill/Smith,** *On Our Backs'* relentless menage a trois of photographic ingenuity, are currently exploring the sexual potential of Mrs. Beasley, Chatty Cathy and other delightful things for little girls. The trio are also available for weddings and bat mitzvahs.

CLASSIFIED AD FORM

☐ **BUSINESS:** 40 CENTS PER WORD, $2.00 FOR BOLD HEADLINE.
☐ **PERSONAL:** 35 CENTS PER WORD, $1.00 FOR BOLD HEADLINE.

☐ Send me a questionaire about my personal ad experience. I understand if I fill it out and return it, I will receive a one-time FREE ad insertion.

HEADLINE_____ *(4 words max.)*

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY/ST/ZIP_____

SIGNATURE_____

# of words_____
x _____¢
Subtotal $_____
Run ad how many times?_____
Total $_____

Enclose Payment

SEND TO: ON OUR BACKS, 526 CASTRO, SAN FRANCISCO,CA 94114

LESLIE HALPERN

Psychotherapy for Individuals and Couples

Group Therapy for Sex Industry Workers

L.C.S.W. #II011929
Insurance Accepted
San Francisco 863-7473

GIOVANNI'S ROOM
345 SOUTH 12TH ST. • PHILA. PA 19107

Tired of women's bookstores that won't carry ***On Our Backs?***

Visit our newly expanded & renovated store or phone us for booklists and mail order information.

1-(800)-222-6996 (outside PA)
1-(215)-923-2960 (inside PA)

AMERICA'S WORLD CLASS LESBIAN, GAY & FEMINIST BOOKSTORE

PUBLICATIONS

CONDITIONS

Conditions is a feminist magazine, with emphasis on writing by lesbians. The *Conditions* collective is comprised of editors whose diverse cultural, racial and regional backgrounds reflect the magazine's continuing concern with recording the experiences and viewpoints of women of color, lesbians, working class, older and disabled women. $24 subscription for 3 issues, $8.95 for single issue. Checks payable to *Conditions*, P.O. Box 150056, Van Brunt Station, Brooklyn, New York 11215-0001.

STEAMY EROTIC FICTION

Beautifully crafted stories, the book critics call "a classic of lesbian erotica." *The Dress/The Sharda Stories*, by Jess Wells; tales of first femme drag, a morning sex strategist, a phantom of lust who doesn't take no. $7.95 plus $1 postage from Library B Books, 584 Castro, #224-L, San Francisco, CA 94114.

OUTRAGEOUS WOMEN

A journal of woman-to-woman S/M. Fantasy, analysis, erotic art and much more. Sub: $13/four issues. Single issues: $4. Must state you are over 18. SASE for info: PO Box 23, Somerville, MA 02143.

APAEROS

Reader-written forum about sex, erotica, relationships (het, lesbian, gay), nudism, turn-ons, disease and rape prevention, etc. For sharing knowledge, feelings, questions, stories, drawings. Ready-to-copy pages published unedited. Offered to adults only. For sample issue send $2 and SASE. Kathe and John Burt, 960 SW Jefferson Ave., Corvallis, Oregon 97333.

WICKED WOMEN

Australia's only lesbian porn magazine of diverse perversions for sexually adventurous lesbians. Subscription: $40 for 6 issues, P.O. Box 305 Redfern 2016 Australia.

MATRICES

Matrices is a networking newsletter for lesbians doing research and scholarship of importance to other lesbians. We believe that Matrices provides a vital link in the worldwide project of lesbian inquiry and information sharing. 1 yr. (3 issues) $5 U.S., $9.50 foreign. 2 yrs $9.50 U.S., $13.50 foreign. Matrices, Women's Studies, 492 Ford Hall, 224 Church St. SE, Minneapolis MN 55455.

BAD ATTITUDE

A lesbian sex magazine. Hot and irreverent. Publishing since 1984. $12 for a three issue subscription / $4 for a sample copy. Send check or money order to: Bad Attitude, P.O. Box 110, Cambridge, MA 02139.

SANDMUTOPIA GUARDIAN

The Sandmutopia Guardian and Dungeon Journal tells you how when you're ready to do REAL SM. "Ungendered," for women, men, lesbian, gay, straight, bi, top, bottom. Four issues $18 or $6 sample. Checks payable to Desmodus, Inc., P.O. Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314.

INTERTWINE

A personal service for the politically incorrect. For info, send SASE to Box 3573, New York, NY 10185.

ETCETERA

Traveling to Atlanta or the Southeast? *ETCETERA*, the Southeast's most widely read weekly magazine is available for only $2.00 per issue. Send to: ETC, P.O. Box 8916, Atlanta, GA 30306.

WOMANLINK

Magazine connecting leatherwomen worldwide. SASE to 2124 Kittridge, #257, Berkeley, CA 94704.

AMONG FRIENDS

Magazine featuring gay and lesbian news and resources. For info write: Among Friends, P.O. Box 426, Madison, WI 53701.

S/M INDIANA

S/M support group forming in Indianapolis. For more information, contact: P.O. Box 11690, Indianapolis, IN, 46201-0690.

BUSINESS

BE AN *ON OUR BACKS* MODEL!

Where do you think the lucious variety of women, seen on our pages, come from? Our readership, our friends, literally the dyke next door. We need you; clothed, naked, having sex or having fun, looking seductive or being outrageous. We have experienced photographers who would like to work with you. Don't hesitate! Send for our model application. Write to: Lulu, OOB-Models, 526 Castro, SF, CA 94114

WANTED EDITORIAL ASS'T/*ON OUR BACKS*

Experienced in contemporary lesbian literature, gay news and sexual politics. Part time job in *On Our Backs* offices to assist in acquisitions, story development and artist support. Strong editing and copywriting skills required. Send resume & cover letter to: Susie Bright, 526 Castro, SF, CA 94114

ON OUR BACKS ARCHIVIST

On Our Backs has a long herstory of clippings, photos & other memorabilia we'd like to see organized and preserved for years to come. Please contact Susie Bright at our editorial offices if you have the library/archive experience we need and the commitment to savoring our past!

RADICAL HARDCORE LESBIAN VIDEOS

Intense erotic all women extravaganzas, $19.95 VHS. Beautiful transvestite and lesbians 1989 menage $23.50. Girls who love girls color magazines 2 for $10.00. ASTRAL, Box 931753, Hollywood, CA 90093.

SEXUAL MAGIC

The S/M Photographs, by Michael Rosen. A new book of fine art photographs of sizzling REAL, straight, lesbian and gay, sado-masochistic sex with revealing text by the participants. "The single best work on S&M I have seen."–Growing Pains. $23 postpaid. Shaynew Press, Dept. O, Box 11719, SF, CA 94101.

BEAUTIFY YOUR PUBIC HAIRS

Licensed electrolysist/cosmetician will straighten, bleach, or permanently remove your pubes in private West Hollywood Salon. Mary (213) 656-0913.

EROTIC FULL MASSAGE

By attractive loving oriental lesbian. Clean/discreet. Nina (213) 657-6867.

SEX MONEY AND POWER

The beautiful women in our videos are just sexy and fun to watch. Free catalog. Roman and Company: POB 4646, Chicago, IL 60680

MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE

A.S.A.P. Seeks European. Bimale, visiting hawaiian friend. Female any age. Aloha. Box 541.

NEW LESBIAN EROTIC VIDEO

WAKING UP features the erotic adventures of Susan. The love scenes and Texas C&W dancing are not to be missed! $39.95 + $2.50 ship/handling. Foosh Flicks, Box 14792, San Francisco, CA 94114

PERSONALS

ON OUR BACKS PERSONALS ARE FOR WOMEN SEEKING WOMEN ONLY.

OOOH! AAAH!

Sophisticated rubensesque San Francisco femme is looking for the same to share city delights, fireside nights and savor unlimited pleasures. Yoo-hoo, where are you? Will travel No. California. Box 504.

GOLDEN SHOWER GIRLS

Lovely, young, sleek, stylish, meticulously clean, lipstick-lesbian femme, desires the rich enjoyment of sharing the "glorious, golden elixir with other like-minded GWF ladies who appreciate this incredibly intense, exciting "number one" turn on. Travel or host. Your photo gets mine. Box 514.

ON YOUR KNEES

I want a woman who will be my submissive. I am 25 w/ brown hair and eyes, 5'5". Any age, size, + race. Know that you must be willing to satisfy me. Box 521.

HOT IN HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA

Attractive blonde femme seeking attractive, sexy, slender woman to share my strong sexual desires and possible relationship. Send photo. Box 456.

ATTRACTIVE BUTCH

Wants femme. Box 528.

LOOKING FOR LOVER

Chicago GWF, 27, very good looking, seeks submissive white femme who enjoys being dominated and woman-handled by me. Must be willing to relocate. I need permanent live-in lover. No pain, no drugs. Box 529.

SACRAMENTO WOMAN INTO S/M

Woman-to-woman S/M group forming in Sacramento for information, education, and support. Interested women reply to P.O. Box 5953, Sacramento, CA 95817.

HOW TO ANSWER A PERSONAL AD

1. Write your reply to the woman you are interested in. Seal it in an envelope, with:
   - your return address at the top left corner,
   - her box number in the lower left corner, and
   - a first class stamp at the top right corner.

   If you don't include these three items, we cannot send your letter to the woman whose ad you so carefully answered. (Once we receive this envelope, and when we add her name and address, we can simply drop it in the mail.)

2. Now, fold this envelope and place it into another envelope. Address it as follows:

   On Our Backs Personals • 526 Castro • San Francisco, CA 94114

DOMINANT COUPLE SEEK...

Submissive female. Possible live-in situation in the Boston area. You are truly submissive, fully sexual, and enjoy serving and punishment. We offer a caring and creative environment. Write P.O. Box 744, Marblehead, MA 01945.

BI-GAY GIRLS WANTED!

Lonely bi (totally) looking for a lover and companion. I am 35, 5'9", 120 lbs., 37-24-36, smooth shaved with an incredible appetite for girls. Live-in possible and can travel anytime. I'm sincere and real. Write with interests, intentions, photos. Box 532.

CHINA DOLL

Gay Asian female, 26, recently divorced, just out of the closet. Have a lot to learn and want to make up for lost time. Looking for a variety of lovers and experiences. No pain. No drugs. Not ready for monogamy and would like to meet other Asian bi/lesbians. Have no ethnic or racial preference for sex partners. Box 534.

ATTENTION MILITARY WOMEN

Are you stationed in California? If so, you have a special friend. I'm 29, white, female, sincere, honest, trustworthy, and discreet. Write to me: Robin, P.O. Box 5992, Oxnard, CA 93031-5992. Others stationed outside of California, please write also.

SOUTH CAROLINA SPECIAL

I am an attractive, well groomed butch about to give and receive a lifetime of love. I enjoy drives in the country, listening to music, fishing, camping, picnics, coddling, and watching T.V. Looking for clean, womanly femme to wine and dine. Please be honest, loving, stable. Love making love. Your picture gets mine in Columbia, S.C. Box 537.

RECKLESS, ATTRACTIVE, FEMME TOP

Seeks sexy, slender, love slave. If you desire the dominant blonde of your dreams AND YOU NEED TO BE CONTROLLED, I'm waiting. Box 539.

ANDRODGYNOUS IN SOUTHWEST

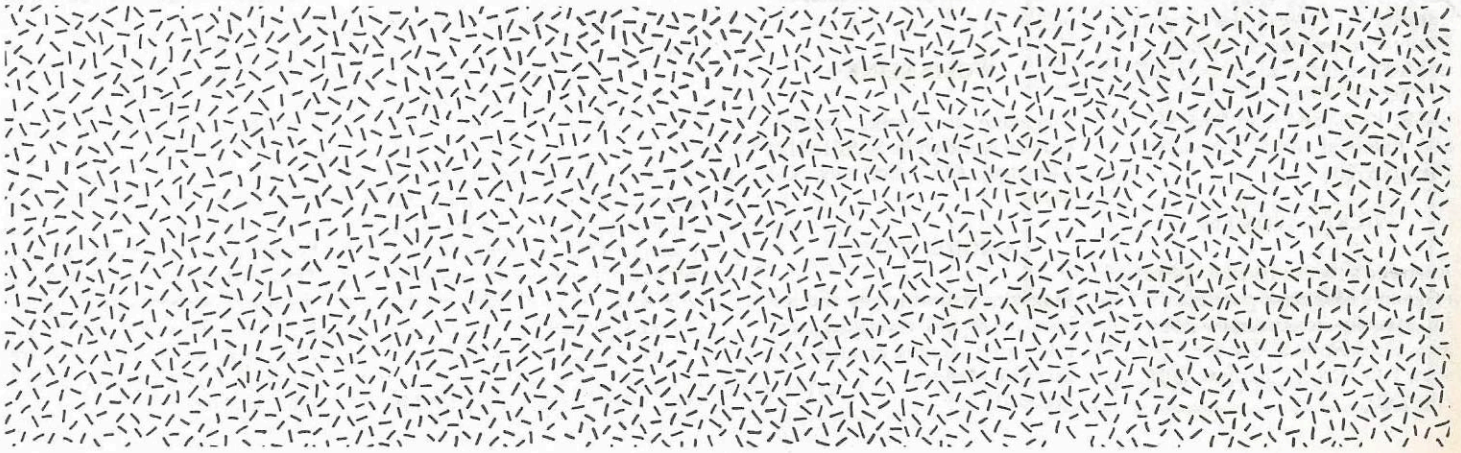
Desires same. Do you like spur of the moment adventures, or thought out seductive, candlelit dinners? The illusion of a leather clad woman. Are you as comfortable in heels and ropes as you are in 501's, silk and sweaters? Do you enjoy oils and bondage, if so write me. Box 540.

LESBIAN NATURIST

I love to be naked and want to correspond with and if possible meet other naturist women. My job involves much travel. I have a voracious sexual appetite that includes almost anything but pain and drugs. Interested in non-sexual friendships as well. If you're not into polluting your body or the environment and love to be free of clothes whenever possible, I want to hear from you. Box 542.

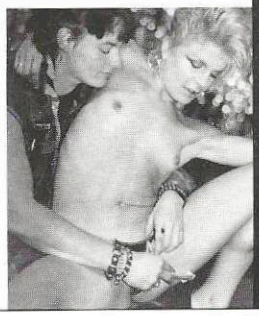
AVAILABLE FOR TRAVEL

Two young attractive lesbians seek wealthy woman to pamper and indulge us. Box 543.



LESBIAN SEX VIDEOS

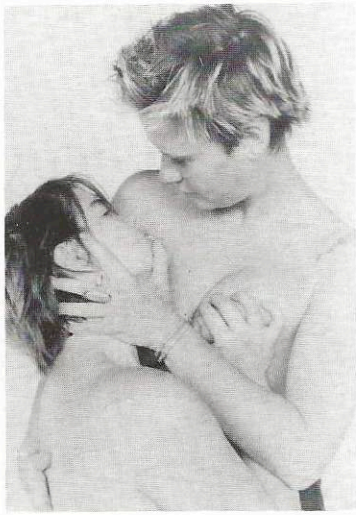
For three years, from July 1984-1987, nearly 100 erotic performers have danced for over 15,000 women every week in San Francisco. This special and unique show, surely the longest running live performance in lesbian history, was called BurLEZk. Fatale Video has captured some of the many exciting moments of this charming, sexy and sometimes shocking lesbian striptease show. A great party tape! (90 min)



BurLEZk Live!

$34.95

CLIPS



Five women invite you for a walk on the wild side! Explore self love and anal pleasure with Greta; scarf play, oral and safe sex with Coca Jo and Houlihan; female ejaculation and triba - dism with Fanny and Kenni. The most exciting video yet from Fatale.

PRIVATE PLEASURES

Home alone, Asian beauty Mariko has some intimate fun watching her VCR, on which Terri and Caerage star in an elegant and passionate seduction scene set in a romantic penthouse suite. (30 min)

FATALE
By and For Women
Video

SHADOWS

In Shadows, Terri and Caerage star in a leather lust scene, enjoying the unique playfulness and intensity that is lesbian s/m. (30 min)

To order by mail, please complete this form and return it along with your check, money order or credit card information to:
FATALE VIDEO, 526 CASTRO STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94114

Please Gift Wrap My Order and Send To:
Name_____
Address_____
City_____State_____Zip_____
Sign Gift Card from:_____

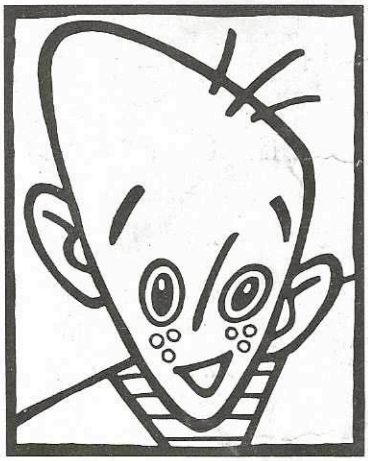
Method of Payment: Check Enclosed Money Order Enclosed
or Charge my Credit Card: Visa
Print cardholders name:_____
Signature:_____
Account #:_____Exp. Date:_____

# of Tapes VHS	# of Tapes BETA	Title	Price	Total
___	___	Clips	34.95	$_____
___	___	Private Pleasures	34.95	$_____
___	___	Shadows	$34.95	$_____
___	___	BurLEZk Live!	$22.50	$_____

Postage and Handling	$ 3.00
CA residents add 6% sales tax	$_____
Total Enclosed	$_____

FASHION FOR WOMEN

FUN
CLOTHING
AND
ACCESSORIES



ROLO

AT
535 CASTRO
(415) 431-4545
AND
1301 HOWARD
(415) 861-1999

SAN FRANCISCO